

Wm. Temple

HOMER TRAVESTIE:

BEING A NEW
BURLESQUE TRANSLATION

OF THE
TEN FIRST BOOKS
OF THE
I L I A D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Dilucida & negligenter quoque audientibus aperta; ut in animum ratio tanquam sol in oculos, etiam si in eam non intendatur, occurrat. Quare ut non intelligere possit sed ne omnino possit non intelligere curandum. QUINTIL.

If you would make a Speech, or write one,
Or get some Artist to indite one,
Dont think, because its understood
By Men of Sense, it's therefore good,
But let your Words so well be plann'd,
That Blockheads can't misunderstand.

THE FIRST VOLUME.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
Some small ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR.

L O N D O N:

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NO. 117

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SOME
A C C O U N T
OF THE
AUTHOR'S LIFE.

C H A P. I.

Containing the birth, parentage, and education of the Author, with his adventures from seven years of age, till he was bound apprentice to Mr. Gripum, a noted apothecary, in — street, in the parish of St. —.

I Have observed, that every writer, who has lately given an account of his life, has taken care to let the world know, that he was born;

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a circumstance, I believe, few people would have disputed : neither can I assign any reason for this piece of, what I thought, unnecessary trouble, unless the fear of being taken for the man called the Unborn Doctor ; to prevent which, they tell the world, that they were really born. Agreeable therefore to the fashion, I shall begin with my birth, as no man has a title to write a volume before he was born, but my friend Tristram Shandy ; though I think it would not be improper to appoint some friend to write an account of my death, when it happens, to let the world know I am, *bona fide*, dead ; as, by telling them I was born, I may escape being taken for the Unborn Doctor : so, by giving publick notice of my death, I shall also avoid being thought a relation of Enoch's, who, you all know as well as I, was translated to Heaven without dying ; not that I have any
objec-

objection of going to Heaven in a fling, without the pain of the gout, pox, fever, or, what's worse than all, the doctor: but that method of travelling has been so long disused, that no body expects it will be revived on my account, so I'll e'en begin my tale.

In that gloomy month, when, according to a famous French author, Englishmen hang and drown themselves, I say, in the midst of the gloomy month of November, when melancholy people, of their own accord, are walking out of the world, I came in, forty-five minutes and a half past six in the morning, by my mother's watch. Don't laugh now, though you have some reason; for an author to talk of his mother's watch must sound odd; however, the phenomenon, though uncommon, nay, even improbable, is yet literally true; and therefore, gentle reader,

4 THE AUTHOR'S

der, when you have laugh'd your belly full, I shall again repeat it, that my mother wore a watch, and to make you stare the more, know it was a repeater. But your first observation of its having an odd sound was very just; for the bell being crack'd, it really did sound oddly; however, neither the hour or minute hand were crack'd, but each performed the part assigned them, much better than most of the hands in the publick offices of the neighbouring kingdoms. As for my own country's politicians, I shall say nothing about them; I might perhaps, as it is fashionable, be inclined to find fault, with or without reason, just as blind chance directed; but I avoid meddling at all for a particular motive, which I would have all authors, in my circumstances, take notice of; and reflect, that what can be more ridiculous than a man's finding

finding fault with a weight of taxes, that don't himself pay a shilling a year towards them. For my part, if I but eat, it is all one to me, whether the money comes from a tax-gatherer, or a Tory. — Hold, hold, says a grave reader, with a large pair of spectacles on a flat nose, I thought you were going to give us an account when, where, and how you was born, brought up, and educated. I was, Sir, and did intend it, when I began this chapter; but I have since changed my mind, and my reasons for so doing, you shall have in their proper time and place; but I will first give you a little leisure to grumble at me for promising more in the title to this chapter, than I am either able or willing to perform; though, to make you amends, I shall give more than I promised of what you did not, tho' so very little of — what you did expect; and this method, you

6 THE AUTHOR'S

must understand, is a new one of my own inventing. I have long had a dislike to those titles of every chapter, which, like Orator Henley's puffs, often, in ten words, contain more than the ten succeeding dull pages make good; therefore, though mine, agreeable to the reigning taste, must have a title, yet you shall no more be able to guess at the contents by it, than you shall of the success of your cause by the wise shrugs of your counsel: for, if the cause succeeds, his shrugs foretold it; if attended with ill success, the same shrugs plainly demonstrated it. Thus will it fare with the reader in regard to the heads of my chapters. If they by chance let you into the truth, I designed it; if they lead you astray, that I likewise intended. You sure have more conscience, than to expect an author to stand to his word in any thing in money matters; I know it is
never

never expected; and therefore, since in that material article, we stand excused by custom time immemorial, every thing else follows of course — My friend Tristram Shandy is grown rich, and has got good preferments; but alas! with how few of us will that be the case? and, indeed, without partiality, how few of us deserve it? For my part, to eat, and that sparingly, is now the utmost height of my ambition, since that meagre friend Necessity has forced me to turn poet, it has likewise compelled me to flatter myself, that I want but too small qualifications to make a compleat one, viz. learning and genius; and has set before my eyes great numbers, who never had the least idea of these two insignificant articles; yet have blundered into a second, nay, even a third edition. On then, says the meagre goddess; and, if you run your head against brick walls, or posts, don't

let it discompose your brains (if you have any) for he that owns a sense of feeling, either smart or shame, in this age, is from that moment lost to this world, for ever, sunk beyond redemption ; and Archimedes, with the same instrument that would raise the globe, would not be able to lift up this luckless wight ; but I, thanks to cold and hunger, am prepared for all events ; and, if the writers of the Reviews, who deservedly maul a parcel of very dismal dogs, should even say how, in the name of wonder, did this fellow ever get into print, I will still persuade myself, that they are all either wilfully blind, or lack penetration ; so that, to preserve their own want of capacity from being exposed, they have the assurance to say I want merit : but I shall again repeat, it is their own want of judgment, and will again repeat it, 'till I believe it myself ; and then let me tell them,

them, they'll find it so difficult a matter to disabuse me, that they'd better never attempt it; for, when I am run down, 'till I have not a word to say for myself, I shall then, with a contemptuous sneer, repeat, *Meæ virtute me involvam*. An honest parson of my acquaintance often concludes so, when he is at (what you scholars call) his *ne plus*; though I often think he had much better wrap himself up (in cold weather especially) in his cloak than his virtue, the former being much the warmer covering of the two; for of the latter, to my certain knowledge, the pattern's too scant to wrap a grain of mustard-seed in. But no matter for that, the sentence has a fine smooth sound, especially from a man that speaks Latin with a good accent — Your university declaimers have great advantages over us country puts, who are taught English by dames that cannot spell

spell a single word, and then get thump'd by a country school-master for not learning Latin by instinct; by instinct it must be, no man having it in his power to teach what he does not understand himself. This, gentle kind reader, was my case 'till the age of fourteen; I then went from school to business, and from that, to this present time, which is fourteen years ago, I never had leisure to look into either a Latin or a Greek author; so that, my slender share of both languages must have spun out very well, if I have as much left as will lay upon an old groat; and that, let me tell you, is a few grains more than I have often found within a dignified gown; nay, I have often seen a wig, that contained more hairs than there are stars in the firmament, cover a head that could not boast of double my quantity.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

*Wherein the Author goes on with his tale,
but makes a much shorter chapter than
the last.*

HERE am I again interrupted by a smirking round-faced gentleman, who has passed upon himself for a wit these twenty years — I thought, Sir, you said you had been in business these fourteen years; it must be the poorest business in the world, if it was not much better than the trade you have taken up. With all due reverence, Sir, to your significancy, you are out; the business was not poor, 'twas I that made poor work on't, where never a rogue in the three kingdoms, but what would have raised an estate, I spent one; and that ninety-nine out of an hundred will think
stupidly

stupidly and foolishly. I was unable to withstand the cries of poverty, and therefore gave to the relief of my fellow creatures more than in discretion I ought. I never could resolve to take fifty per cent. of my neighbour, for money advanced for him, tho' I knew his necessities would oblige him to accept of any conditions. I had twenty more such simple tricks, some of which I shall mention, when I come to give an account of the proceedings in my profession, which daily prevented me from increasing my fortune; so that all accidental losses were so much taken from the lump, that, joined to a decay in trade, ended in making an author, against nature, I think that's the phrase you great criticks use, when you spy a fellow writing, without one qualification to set up his trade with; but I don't mind that: — no merit at all, I know, stands rather a better

better chance than a moderate share; for if you don't reach the top of the hill, to rise but one inch from the bottom, is as good as being one inch below the summit, as both must depend on the good-nature or caprice of the tremendous publick, who, perhaps, like the great judges of paintings, &c. because none offer that are in the first rank, kindly give the prize to the very worst. Who knows? perhaps it may happen so with me; and some sharp-sighted honest fellow may find beauties in me, that I never dreamt of in myself. Many a man has been made by such a lucky hit. The great Mr. Somebody or other, whose name I now forget, says, that every man's life has one white spot in it, and mine having never yet appeared, this perhaps may be the time ordained by fate! O glorious thought! I will enjoy it, and feast in imagination, 'till the pastry-cook,

if

if ever I raise three-pence to buy a tart, shews me how vain are all my golden dreams. Yet, on recollection, I won't too suddenly give way to such desponding thoughts : I may have readers, who understand me as much as Mrs. Bluefreak, a dyer's widow, that is come to live at this end of the town, does Triftram Shandy. Pray Sir, says she to me at a tea-drinking circle, where I had the honour to be admitted, and was the only male, except the husband of the lady of the house, an honest citizen, who having got a handsome fortune, by dealing in second-hand cloaths, had, at his lady's request, retired to this end of the town to live genteel, as she expressed it ; for which purpose she had twice a week her tea-drinking or visiting days, call it which you please : it was no rout to be sure, because cards never made their appearance. In this polite assembly, consisting of three old

old maids and four widows, did the eloquent Mrs. Bluestreak display her talents, much to my satisfaction, I assure you: what it may prove to your's, time and the next chapter will discover.

C H A P. III.

Containing, amongst other matters of as great consequence, Mrs. Bluestreak's opinion of Tristram Shandy.

PRAY Sir, says Madam Bluestreak, have not you read Tristram Shandy? Every body at our end of the town has read him, and they say there's an infinite deal of wit in him. Indeed, I had no occasion to be told so; for I soon found it hit my taste; it is charming indeed; and, I hear Parson Yorick's sermons are printed; pray Sir, is it himself,
or

or Parson Yorick, that he means by the hobby-horse; that hobby-horse is delightful; few ladies, they say, can conceive his meaning in the hobby-horse; but I quickly found he could mean nobody but himself or Yorick, or perhaps Dr. Slop; but that he means one of them, I am well assured, unless it might be the broken-winded horse that Parson Yorick rode upon; though that, by his own description, is rather too high for a hobby. I own, I am rather a little puzzled there; but I can see an infinite deal of wit in him, and have read him twice over already. I assure you, Sir, there is a great deal of fine satire in him; how he mauls that guzzling doctor Slop, by making him fall asleep at a sermon; but he had pepper'd him well in the mud before that; never man was so rallied, to be sure; but he deserved it all; for I am told he was a rank Papist, though I think

think I did not observe that in reading the books : and then there was my uncle Toby ; now, don't you observe a great deal of meaning and raillery in the name of Toby ; his uncle too had a hobby-horse, I can't imagine what became of him, unless he was sold when he got down into the country. But the best is, Madam Shandy, his mother, being obliged to lie in, in the country ; because she had bit the old Put out of a London journey the year before. Now, most of my female acquaintance are angry at that passage ; but I have none of those weak prejudices in favour of the sex : I can find he has done strict poetical justice ; are you not of my opinion, Sir ? — I bow'd—the lady went on — I am glad, Sir, my opinion so intirely agrees with a gentleman of your learning ; because I own to you, that I have as yet found few of my own sex, who comprehended him clearly enough

discourse with me upon the subject: for the men say none but people of learning, and a great deal of reading, can easily comprehend him. Now, for my part, though I have not a great deal of learning, yet I have had as much reading as any body: I had read *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, all *Mrs. Haywood's*, and *Mrs. Behn's* novels, before I was fourteen; and I have since read all the plays I could lay my hands on, and *Gil Blas* (but I did not like him much) and *Pamela*, and *Clarissa*, and *Roderick Random*, and *Tom Jones*; and, in short, all the fashionable and elegant books that have appeared lately: so that; as far as reading qualifies any body to comprehend, I sha'n't turn my back of the men, much less of my own sex; three quarters of whom are not, perhaps, qualified to take it in so readily as myself, nor make so much of it when it is in —

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Every body's share ought to be proportioned to their capacity ; large measure for large capacities, and small measure for small ones : for my part, I don't fear being over done ; my memory is a very good one, as you may perceive, Sir ; and, if I was to take ten times as much, I could digest it all ; no man, I am sure, ever yet found the bottom of my — capacity ; and he must go great lengths that does.

The whole circle seemed to listen with tokens of admiration ; but I could perceive a great deal of concealed envy — Mr. Vampcoat whisper'd in my ear in great raptures, Has not my wife a notable taste in the choice of her company ? Most of the ladies here are almost, tho' not quite so sensible as this lady, you have heard talk so charmingly : but my wife got her good taste when very young ;

for, at nineteen, she waited on Sir ——'s daughter the whole year he was lord-mayor. I told him, since that was the case, I did not wonder at all I saw and heard. This visit was in the time of my apothecaryship; since which, clean linen growing scarce with me, my rusty black coat and I discontinued our visits, and I have thereby missed many an edifying speech; which I now begin to think will be a great loss to the publick, as well as myself; but I am not the first that has lost great opportunities for want of a clean shirt.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

A word to the wise.

AN D now, ye generation of critics, fall to work as soon as you please; if it gets you a dinner, much good may it do you; but my answer, you shall have before-hand: as for instance; you'll say I follow no rules; you are right; how the d—I should I. I know none, as I hope to be sav'd! I only followed my ear: as for a dactyl or a spondee, I solemnly declare, so far from knowing the use of them, I hardly know how to spell the words: and I swear by my brown black coat, the most valuable thing I possess at present, that I am not master of a dictionary; so, if you find a

number of words wrong spelt, don't set up your throat at it ; for if my unlearned reader understand me, and buys my book, it is all I desire : amongst the unlearned part of my readers, there will be found the greatest share of money ; amongst the Literati, the greatest share of learning, I had like to have said knowledge ; but, I recollect that is not always the case ; learning and knowledge are, to my thinking, two different things : several of you have great learning, tho' very little knowledge : but I wander from my subject ; which was to tell you, that the approbation of the unlearned part of my readers is what I seek ; for amongst them, every man has spare cash to buy a book for himself ; amongst you learned gentlemen, one book serves ninety or a hundred : let me see then ; suppose I clear a shilling by a book, divide that into
ninety

ninety or a hundred parts; I wish any of you would tell me, by what species of coin I must distinguish the clear profit I get by one of you learned gentlemen; for my slender reading cannot help me out at this pinch; or, since I am begging a favour, will any of you be so kind as put the proper stops for me? I shall be obliged to you seriously; for I declare I don't know how to do it myself, and I durst not trust one of you before-hand, least, under pretence of stopping for me, you should stop me in good earnest, and get my poem printed off under your own name; and that would be putting a full stop to all my hopes indeed. I don't say any learned gentleman would do such a thing in cool blood; but, when a man is hungry, there are certain articles that he cannot think of coolly; and they are things, which, in that situation, he is most apt to think of, nay, can hardly

avoid letting his thoughts run continually upon, I mean a hot dinner, and a bottle of good port after it. Now, when the imagination is heated, what man's blood can be cool ; the body partakes of the agitations of the mind without all dispute ; don't you see, in the case of a very passionate fellow, how, in one of his furious fits, the blood either flies all up into his face, and makes it as red as scarlet, or else retreats to the heart, to assist his courage, and leaves his face as pale as my shirt, I don't mean the shirt I have on at present, for that's a little upon the soil ; but the shirt, (for I have two) that came yesterday from the washer-woman, whose girl durst not leave it, because I had not three-pence to pay for washing ; but, though I have it not at present in my possession, yet I saw it, and can assure you, gentlemen, it is white, and very white, considering I wore it
fifteen

fifteen days before I got one to change it.
—— But, to return; for these kind of digressions only delay time, and prevent us coming to the point which I was hastening to, as fast as my pen could carry me, lest you should say, that, after the example of several learned writers, I put in needless paragraphs, only to fill up, and stretch my book to a proper number of pages, to make the appearance of two shillings worth. But, I would have have you to know, worthy gentlemen, I scorn such dirty doings; you do well to measure my corn by your own bushel; but, though I am as hungry as the best of you, and enjoy a good dinner, when I get it, beyond the imagination of a great man, who never knew what it is to be hungry; yet I scorn to procure one by such tricks as these; nor shall one word appear, in any work of mine, that does not tend either to mirth or edification, at least

least I shall design it so ; and, if I fail, don't find fault with me for not being blest'd with such prodigious talents as your's, that can find blemishes in the most beautiful buildings on earth, and yet, left to yourselves, would not be able to erect a hog-stye without twenty blunders.

—— I therefore once again repeat it — I don't write for the use of the learned gentry, to whom all the languages, both dead and alive, are as familiar as ready-money ; but that's a vile simile at this time of the day ; I would change it, if I had another ready, even not excepting the Hottentots, whose language, as well as diet, no doubt many of you are not unacquainted with* ; only with this difference ; they eat their dinners raw ; you, your's fried or boiled ;

* The Hottentots feed on raw guts ; but the learned criticks often feed on fried or boiled tripe.—tripe, I am told, is made of guts.

when

when you can get it — but, as I was saying, I don't write to please you learned gentry, but the people, that have much money, and a moderate share of learning, and a great deal of good-nature: if any of these find fault with me, the reproof will touch me nearly; but, your barking and snarling, worthy gentlemen, I shall pay as much regard to them, as my neighbour the gardener's dog-keeper does to the waugh-waugh of Mrs. Pryebout's Spanish lap-dog. I did indeed once see him lift a leg, after being teased for half an hour together; but that's a favour I shall hardly be provoked to confer on any of you: so fall to work as soon as you will; you may do it with impunity, no answer shall you have from me; but the more you say, the more shall I persuade myself, that ye are very hungry: and, as to the Monthly Reviewers (I think they call them) I say as to their crying, how the d——l did
this

this fellow get into print? I can tell them how, if they insist on't; you say they do insist on it: why then, Sir, take the plain truth — Truth is a stubborn baggage; you may cover her up in the bed-cloaths, or hide her in your private closet; but, when you are least aware of it, she will be popping her head out, and put you to open shame; I will therefore never attempt to hide her, depend on't — The Reviewers, I suppose, have ask'd me how I got into print, I'll tell them in the next chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

Contains a little conversation with the Reviewers, &c.

THE Reviewers, I find, in the last chapter, are very desirous to know how I got into print?—Why, as they got together to print a monthly book, hunger drove me to print— And, if hunger did not lay the foundation of their league, there's more than one mistaken; but that's nothing to the purpose. Hunger, say they, could not get a man credit for paper and printing: there they are right; I wish every thing they said had as good an appearance of reason and truth; but, since pressed so close, I'll give the honest gentlemen

tlemen all the satisfaction I can. Hunger, I said, drove me to the thoughts both of translating and printing: the translating I found an easy task, by the help of my good landlady in Porridge Island; who, seeing me so industrious, consented to trust me both my board and lodging, till I had got something ready for the press; I went on swimmingly, with hot tripe for dinner one day, and cold the next; hot cow-heel the third day, and cold cow-heel the fourth; and so on, with a fine pease soup on Sundays, and a red herring boiled in it to give a flavour: thus, I say, I went on swimmingly, till the printing time came; but in that article my poor landlady was utterly unable to help me to a single souse: her whole stock of money, which consisted of near half a guinea, being employed every day in buying goods to furnish her wheelbarrow; with the profits of which, she

she so often regaled me and herself; for three times a week we had a pint of beer betwixt us — Finding that I could, in conscience, expect little assistance from her towards defraying the expence of printing my works, I was obliged to put as good a face on the matter as possible, and go and try my luck with the book-sellers. The first I accosted was Mr. — in the — I told him, I had brought him the first, second, third, and fourth books of Homer's Iliad, translated in a different manner from any he had ever seen; which I would leave for his perusal, provided he would give me his word and honour (I mentioned the word honour, because I know several book-sellers that pretend to have a little) that if he did not chuse to risk the printing, he would not suffer a copy to be taken of it — Whether the word honour stun'd his ears, or what the d—l was the matter

ter I can't tell ; but he stared at me above two minutes with his mouth at half cock, measuring me all the time from head to foot with his eyes. Zounds ! thinks I to myself, this fellow's an undertaker, instead of a bookseller, or else a taylor ; for he is either taking measure of me for a suit of cloaths, or a coffin ; but I was out in both ; for he was only taking the depth of my pocket. His first question was, I hope, Sir, you are able to defray the expence of printing ? I told him no ; I designed the risk to be his, for which a proportionable share of the profits would be due to him likewise : upon this he put on a mighty wise face ; thrust his hand betwixt his head and his wig, scratching, as if he took pleasure in the amusement ; rubb'd his forehead, and stroaked his eyebrows with his fore-finger ; then looking full upon me, That, Sir, says he, is, I suppose, a translation of the first, second,

cond, third and fourth books of Homer? I plied in the affirmative: Pray, Sir, says he, very demurely, do you understand Greek? I gave a sudden jump back, and in my turn began to stare at him; I thought I had as good a right to measure his head as he my pockets; and, I believe, I took four minutes to do it; then, with much difficulty, got out the words, Greek, Sir! says I, what language do you think I have been translating from? Why, I can't say, quoth he, (spinning the words through his teeth) but, as we have a Greek Homer, a Latin Homer, and an English Homer, you may have had your choice from which to translate: Zounds, Sir! says I, do you think I have had a library as large, and as well stock'd as your shop to go to; but you are out, I assure you, nor have I a book left in the world but this old Greek Homer, which I had at school;

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and

and had not the title page and cover been lost, it had gone long ago with the rest; but the pick and chuse for two-pence man refused to give me a penny for it; though that day I was almost famished, but the rogues have, against their will, I hope, done both the world and me great service, by forcing me to keep it; for, as I had only that one book to amuse my leisure hours, I have been enabled to compleat such a translation, as Pope himself never dreamt on; and, I don't fear, but it will answer so well as to pay you for your risk, and me for my trouble, far beyond the most sanguine expectation. As for my risk, Sir, says he, with an aldermanic air, I shall be plain with you, because I find you come directly to the point; as to my risk, Sir, I never run any: the town is very capricious; one year they'll take it into their heads
to

to like a thing, and cry an author up to the sky, and the next year damn a better, or at least as good, from the same hand, only because they grow weary of praising; therefore, Sir, I always chuse, if an author han't money of his own, which very seldom happens, to make him find some friend to answer the loss, in case I am obliged to deal by wholesale with the pastry-cooks and trunk-makers. — S'bl—d! says I, you'll make a Job swear! What the pox can trunk-makers do with my works? A hundred volumes won't line one ammunition trunk. For that reason, replied my steady-phiz'd bookseller, they won't be worth a hundred farthings; but I'll be generous with you, much more so than you'll find any of my fraternity: produce, as I said before, a good man, to answer for the loss, and I myself will be at the expence of printing the first edition; and, should it

come to a second, your friend will be quite free of his engagement, and you be some small matter in pocket. I knew I could as soon raise the dead as a friend, to answer for any sum above six-pence, though I scorned to let him know so much of the matter; for to be poor, and look poor, is the d—l. I told him, I would not trouble any of my friends for such a trifle; and, if a bookseller could not be found that would, on perusal, run the risk, I would not give myself much trouble about it; but if you, Sir, adds I, had put perused this translation, you could not wrong your own judgment so much, I am certain, as to fear its not answering. As to my own judgment, answers Mr. Square-toes, I never trusted it but once, and then was most horribly deceived; so I never trusted it since, nor ever will again. If you can meet with a bookseller that will, you'll have very
good

good luck ; but, should you find such a phenomenon, it will be no small surprize, both to me and the whole fraternity ; and so, Sir, I'm your very humble servant. Away goes I from this worthy gentleman bookseller, in no great spirits, you may think ; and, after trying about twenty at least, of the very same stamp, Providence directed me to the real worthy Mr. Goodman, who, upon hearing my tale with a great deal of patience, made me this most extraordinary answer ; Sir, says he, there is a calve's head and bacon just gone up into the dining-room, if you will eat a bit you are welcome ; a glass of wine after it will refresh your spirits ; for you seem fatigued ; I'll then contrive to do you what service I can. I had been so little used to such soft speeches, that I pinched my arms, to convince me I was not in a dream ; I then rubbed my eyes, to see if I was not talking to a

superior being. I followed him, however, without hesitation; the smell of the calf's head and bacon had taken entire possession of my senses; and I really was entertained, if I live to the age of Methuselah, I never shall forget it. At parting, with the countenance of a cherubim, he said, Sir, I judge of your impatience to try the success of your works, I'll therefore read them over this evening; and, if there's the least chance of its taking, I'll print it at my own expence; nor will I take an exorbitant profit for a trifling risk: trifling, I call it, because we have a thousand ways of vending all kinds of stuff, at least to make as much as will pay for print and paper: and, Sir, whatever my brethren of the trade may think, grinding the face of the poor, to me, appears the greatest piece of inhumanity man can be guilty of; and, to grind a poor poet, is grinding the poorest of

of the poor; then slipping half a guinea in silver into my hand, adds, in a softer tone, I would have you give my servant a shilling as you go down; the knave will be ready to attend you at the stair-foot; it is a custom we cannot break in England; and I would preserve every gentleman from being insulted by their insolent sneers.

Here's a bookfeller for you, Mr. Reviewers! here's a phenomenon! as his worthy brethren are pleased to stile him, in my opinion, all the world should know him, tho' his modesty won't let me put so much as the initial letters of his name; I may live though to make him amends; my heart feels comfort in that hope yet. — But I had almost forgot part of my story; my gratitude will force its way through my eyes, and I wet my paper by an involuntary tear stealing down my cheeks;

it is a tear of joy though, and gratitude mixed. But, to return to that part of my story, I had almost forgot. — In the morning I waited on him again; found him at breakfast; got a comfortable dish of tea, and eat six pieces of toast and butter; which went down more pleasantly, because this real worthy man, desirous not to keep me in suspense, says, the moment I was seated, Sir, your poem has been these three hours in the hands of my printer; I read it over last night, and gave it him this morning: the first thing I did, with orders to get it forward as fast as possible. I wish it may answer, more for your sake than my own: whilst you are attending the press, you will be at too great a distance from your own lodgings to eat there; but, if you call in here about three o'clock, you will every day find a hot joint, though not costly, yet good in its kind; to which I
assure

assure you a hearty welcome. Heavens ! thinks I to myself, with what ease and dignity would this man grace the greatest fortune and highest of titles, and yet blind chance has made him only a bookseller ; though happy for me he is one, else I had not only lost the chance of shining in the world, but many a good meal, which I am convinced I was welcome to, whether my works answer or not—Don't the stomachs of some of you, Mr. Reviewers, wamble to be acquainted with this same bookseller ? Now, instead of answering me, I hear you one and all cry, How the pox, Sir, came this good man to find any merit in your works ! we can find none ? Pray, 'who the d—l were you before you turn'd poet ?—Fair and softly, Mr. Reviewers, don't be so warm, I was just going to tell you ; but, since you are so very hasty, I shall make you stay till the next chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

*Containing a little more conversation with
the Reviewers:*

BE it known by these presents, both to you, Mr. Reviewers, and the whole world, that I am neither more nor less than a broken apothecary; and, be it further known to your learned worships, that, if I was set up a hundred times, and kept my foolish principles, I should break again — Hear me but coolly, and I'll tell you how I manag'd; you'll blame me, no doubt; but I can't help that; instead of giving fifty bottles of chalk and water for pearl julep, at half a crown a bottle, whereby I might have cleared ten pounds and upward, with a
thousand

thousand thanks for my uncommon trouble ; I always mix'd up the most powerful drugs in my shop, applicable to the distemper ; by which means, two or three bottles at most restored them ; which I charged with good reason, as I thought, at five shillings a bottle : but, what think you was the consequence ; I was looked upon as a very extortionous fellow, to charge ten or fifteen shillings for curing so slight a disorder, when, by trifling with my patient's constitution, and perhaps half, or three parts destroying it, I might have cleared, as I said before, ten pounds with great thanks ; yet, with a pox to me, I never could alter that foolish humour of doing good when it lay in my power, and making a conscience of sporting with the constitutions of those that trusted me, having seen so many fatal examples during the time of my apprenticeship ; my master being one of those

those that knew how to make the most of a jobb; by which means he acquired prodigious reputation, and the doctors cried him up to the skies; and good reasons they had; for I have known some of them receive forty fees, when, without his assistance, they could not possibly have been spun out to five; yet, though I saw him thrive so well, I never could persuade myself to follow his example, though I plainly perceived the business, that I acquired by the meer dint of industry, dwindle daily, for want of using folks ill to preserve it: I found more difficulty every half year than others in paying my rent and druggists notes; want began to stare me in the face; and yet, with a murrain to me, I could not persuade myself to change my opinion: I looked upon the man that shoots you through the head, or stabs you to the heart, as merciful, in comparison to the villain

villain who wantonly plays with your health: thus, in spite of me, a conscience, I never strove to get rid of, brought me to beggary; and what a starving apothecary was to expect, I knew very well, from a speech made by one of the faculty at a meeting, to consult about transporting all quacks to the plantations: I never shall forget the speech — He was a squat little fellow that made it; he looked as just come out of a bandbox; his wig had not one wrong hair in it; you would have sworn it had been made by a stone-cutter instead of a barber; but it had the true physical fore-top, and the bottom turn'd up from his neck, so far as to stand in an horizontal position. Well, this figure, such as he was, began his speech, with — Gentlemen — Whether thirty apothecaries make two gentlemen, or not, the reader

reader knows as well as I; but so he began.

Here endeth the sixth chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Containing my brother Gallypot's notable speech, and some small matters besides.

Gentlemen, we are met here upon a very serious affair, and what highly concerns the welfare of all regular apothecaries; it is no less than the utter extirpation of quacks out of this kingdom. I have often urged before this to have a meeting of the faculty called, in order to raise a subscription to petition the parliament for leave to bring in a bill, declaring every man that dare advertise, to be neither more nor less than a quack; and,

and, if any man dies after taking the medicines of a quack, he shall be declared *felo de se*, and refused the rights of Christian burial: I am sure we have interest enough in the House to get such a bill passed, which would drive James and his powders to the d—l; then would fevers walk the streets in broad daylight as formerly, without fear of being demolished by patent powders; patients would look meagre, and apothecaries plump; whereas it is now quite the reverse, patients look plump, and apothecaries so thin, a man would be apt to imagine they took their own physick; nay, there's hardly a street that cannot furnish one, if not two properly qualified, to act the apothecary's part in Romeo and Juliet. What adds to our misfortune is, mankind can have little or no idea of the misery of a starving apothecary — Butchers, if their custom fails, can

can eat their own beef and mutton, and their wives steal now and then a pair of lamb-stones: poulterers can grow fat with feeding on their own ducks and coneys: fishmongers get their bellies full of stale ling, and indulge their wives with cods, when in season: pastry-cooks may gobble up their own custards; and grocers eat their own figs, except one they commonly spare for their wives: green-grocers wives may cram in their own carrots; and bakers regale with butter'd buns; even masons wives, though they can make no use of their husband's chips, yet can find great use for the stones: but poor apothecaries will sooner starve than touch one article in their own shops. Think then, gentlemen, what a deplorable case this is, and how loud it calls for immediate redress. For my part, tho' I am plumper than seven eighths of my brethren; yet I ride, pardon me, I mean
I walk

walk, but bare ten stone. As for riding, I have not been able to hire a horse these five years: but, I say, though I am plumper than most of my brethren, yet, even a distant prospect of their distress alarms me; and I would chearfully contribute half a guinea, or even more, upon this occasion, to remedy so dreadful an evil.

This harangue made a very sensible impression on me; what it did on the rest of the company I won't say; but I perceived several long faces, as well as my own; I plainly foresaw approaching ruin, and yet knew not which way to shun it without changing my principles, which I was resolved to starve by rather than give up. And starving was the consequence; for, in about twelve months after, my empty boxes and household goods were just able to pay my debts,

E

not

not leaving me fifty shillings in the world: it was then I began to think of a new trade to live by; and my evil genius, which still is so kind as to stick close by my side, has directed me to the trade I have now taken up; and which, it is more than probable, proves the more starving business of the two.

And now, O ye generation of criticks! fall to work, and make the most you can of a starved apothecary, as much a race of Canibals as ye are, you'll have but a very bad meal of my carcase; it is skin and bone, I'll assure you — Tristram Shandy's a Falstaff, compared to my lanthorn jaws; but I am not so good a Christian as he; I shan't say God bless you all by the lump; I shall only say God bless all that strive to deserve it; and, as the devil ought to have his due, let him take the rest.

C H A P

C H A P. VIII.

Wherein a certain gentleman, an inhabitant of the lower regions, is mentioned much oftener than the good Christian writer would willingly have chose, had not his zeal for truth obliged him to it.

IF my translation proves not a little incorrect, be so kind as remember gentlemen what hunger is ; I don't repeat the trite expression, that hunger will break through stone walls ; but yet, gentlemen, I find it very necessary to eat : poor Sharp, in the Lying Valet, would not have left his master, but for that one small consideration ; I must eat, Sir, says he ; and really, hunger has made me much

bolder than Sharp ; he only was for parting with a master that he loved, but I rush fearless into the mouths of — not Cannon ; but, what is much more formidable, blunderbushes : if, by blunderbushes, you think I mean you gentlemen criticks, pray enjoy the thought ; I shan't contradict you ; I have better business of my own to mind ; business of great consequence, eating, my good friends, I say, eating : if it is not a sound of joy to you now, I think it has been formerly (I ask pardon if I am mistaken) it is well times are now changed so much for the better ; when the change happens on my side, I'll borrow a wise face, turn critic, and maul, or endeavour to maul, every poor rogue that offers to get a meal without my leave ; but I fancy I shall have time enough to correct my book before a second edition comes out. I see you all agree with me, *nem. con.* in that ; but it is not impossible

impossible we may be mistaken; I wish it with all my heart, without troubling my head whether you do or not; however, let the worst come to the worst, I have the satisfaction to be conscious, that it is not my fault, but my misfortune, that I am forc'd to write. The paragraph in my brother Gally-pot's speech, that mentions the numbers qualified for the part in Romeo and Juliet, comes frequently into my mind; nor can I help thinking I am acting the most material part of that part myself, whilst I write this; for, I can truly say,

My poverty, but not my will consents.

A certain great and learned Eastern author, whose name I cannot at present recollect, wrote a very elaborate treatise; wherein he plainly, as he thought, proved that no man could resist his destiny, or,

in English, he needs must go whom the devil drives. Now, I take the learned gentleman's word, it really is so, God cannot possibly have any hand in the numberless amazing and ridiculous scenes that happen yearly in this great metropolis, it must be the devil upon the coach-box, and nothing else

What pray could drive the D— of ———
to risk * * * * *

and * he * r * d * * * * *

Answer, the devil

What pray could drive the E— of ———
to abandon * * * * *

before

Answer, the same devil.

What could drive my L—d ——— to
change * * * * * and * * * * *

Answer, nothing but the devil.

What could form, some time ago, the
most

most amazing coalition that the wondering world ever wondered at? The junction of the House of Austria, France, and Russia, was not to be named the same day with it. What, I say, could form such a coalition, but the very devil himself?

Who then dare say the devil is not on the coach-box?

Here ended the first volume.

Something by way of a

P R E F A C E.

GOOD people would you know the
reason,

I write at this unlucky season ;
When all the nation is so poor,
That few can keep above one whore ;
Except the lawyers, whose large fees
Can keep as many as they please.
And Pope, with taste and judgment great,
Has deign'd this author to translate.
The reason's this, he may not please
The jocund tribe — so well as these ;

For

For all capacities can't climb,
To comprehend the true sublime.
Another reason I can tell,
Tho' silence might do full as well;
But being charg'd — discharge I must;
For bladder, if too full, will burst.
The writers of the merry class,
E'er since the time of Hudibras,
In this strange blunder, all agree,
To murder short-leg'd poetry.
Words, though design'd to make ye smile,
Why may'nt they run as smooth as oil.
No poet-taster can convince
A man of any kind of sense,
That verse can be the greater treasure,
Because it wants both weight and mea-
sure:
Or can persuade, that false rough metre,
Than true and smooth, by far is better.
This is the wherefore, and the why,
Have patience, you'll see by and by.

T H E

THE FIRST BOOK OF
HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ATRIDES, as the story goes,
Took Parson Chrysis by the nose;
Apollo, upon that occasion,
Revenge'd the priest on all the nation:
This caus'd a dev'lish quarrel 'tween
Pelides and the king of men;
Which ended, to Achilles' cost;
For he the fair Bryseis lost:

On

On which great Jove and's wife fell out,
 And made a damn'd confounded rout :
 And had not Vulcan step'd between,
 There sure had mighty mischief been.
 Juno at last was over-aw'd,
 Or Jove had been well clapper-claw'd.

H O M E R's I L I A D.

B O O K T H E F I R S T.

ACHILLES' fury and his rant,
 The Grecians plague, O goddess!
 chaunt;

Which, in a manner quite uncivil,
 Sent many a warrior to the devil,
 And left the bodies near the fleet,
 To be by dogs and vultures eat.
 To this sad pass Atrides' freaks
 Had brought the rueful long-fac'd Greeks:
 But who the d——l durst say no,
 Since angry Jove would have it so.

But

HOMER'S ILIAD. 61

But, prithee, tell us, Muse, from whence?
 The quarrel rose, who gave th'offence?
 Latona's son was pleas'd to send
 A plague, which slew 'em without end;
 And all the people sore perplex'd,
 Because the king his priest had vex'd:
 For which offence the God annoy'd 'em,
 And by whole waggon loads destroy'd 'em.

The case was this; Chryses fair
 Was made a prisoner of war;
 The red-nos'd priest came hobbling after,
 With presents to redeem his daughter;
 In *forma supplicantis* stands
 With Phoebus trincums in his hands;
 To all the captains made a speech,
 And to the brothers joint, and each:
 Kings, princes, and commanders stout,
 May you all live to see Troy out;
 And may you, when the walls are down,
 Return safe home each mother's son.

Was

Was Jove but half the friend that I am,
 You quickly should demolish Priam :
 But since the town his godship spares,
 I'll help you all I can with prayers ;
 For my part, if you'll but restore
 My daughter, I'll desire no more :
 You'll hardly guess the many shifts
 I made to raise you all these gifts.
 If presents won't, let pity move,
 And dread the angry son of Jove.
 The Grecians, by their shouting, tell
 Th'old gentleman spoke very well :
 They swore respect to him was due,
 And he should have his daughter too ;
 For he had brought, or I'm mistaken,
 A waggon-load of eggs and bacon :
 No wonder then their mouths should
 water,
 More for his bacon than his daughter.
 Hold, says Atrides, I say no :
 Two words must to this bargain go :

And

And as for you, Sir, get you hence, ^{26 W}
 Your saucy speeches give offence. ^{100 P 100 Y}
 Nor shall your stick, and laurel cap,
 Preserve your knuckles from a rap,
 Unless without, or let, or stay,
 You nimbly take yourself away;
 Therefore, you snarling son of whore,
 Begone, lest you provoke me more.
 I love thy daughter, and won't part,
 Altho' it break thy sniv'ling heart.
 I'll keep her till I can no more,
 And then I will not turn her oe'r, }
 But land her safe on Argos shore.
 Where she shall card and spin, and make
 The bed, which she so oft did shake,
 Depend she far remov'd should be
 From all such blubbering whelps as thee;
 So instantly to march begin,
 Whilst thou has whole bones in thy skin.
 Away then sneak'd the harmless wizard,
 Grumbling confoundedly i'th' gizzard;
 And

64 THE FIRST BOOK OF

And as disconsolate he past,
 Look sharp for fear of being thrust:
 But out of harm's way when he got,
 To Phœbus he set up up his throat,
 Osmintheus, Latona's son,
 That Cilla keeps morn, night, and noon,
 Light of the world that doth command,
 Both Tenedos and Chrysa's land.
 Remember, I have oft hung up
 Garlands as round as any top;
 And stall fed oxen; to be plain,
 Upon thine altar have I slain;
 Besides great store of lamb and mutton,
 Enough to serve a bigger glutton;
 In recompence I now require,
 The Grecians feel thy dreadful ire:
 For sure thou can'st not grudge th' least,
 To vindicate so good a priest.
 He pray'd, and in a minute strait,
 The carrot-pated God took flight:
 Before he stirr'd he bent his bow,
 That he might have the less to do:

Fierce

Fierce as he mov'd, the Greeks to find,
 He made a devilish noise behind,
 With breaking wind, he surely never
 Could make such din—it was his quiver:
 Which as he trotted with a thwack,
 Rattled against his sun-burnt back,
 In darkness he his body shrouds,
 By making up a cloak of clouds:
 But when he came within their view,
 Twang went his trusty bow of yew:
 With dogs and mules he first began;
 From these he aims his shafts at man.
 Nine nights he never went to sleep,
 But knock'd 'em down like rotten sheep:
 And would have sows'd 'em all; but Juno,
 A scolding b—h as any you know,
 Gave a broad hint to Thetis' son,
 Who strait to all the col'nels run,
 Crying aloud with one accord,
 Pray hasten to the council board.
 Now seated all with sapient look,
 Achilles rose, and thus he spoke:

F

My

66 THE FIRST BOOK OF

My * lords, can any reason shew,
The Grecians should not homeward go ;
What think ye † Gents, this plague will
have

All that the sword was pleas'd to save.
I think 'tis time to spare the few ;
I think, indeed, but what think you ?
We cannot long, upon my word,
Hold out against both fire and sword :
A cunning man, perhaps, may tell us
The reason why this plague befel us ;
Whether we're punish'd on this wise,
For falling short of sacrifice :
If to our words we han't been true,
We'll offer hecatombs just now ;
Therefore let such a man be found,
Either above or under ground,
That Grecian hearts may cease to mourn,
And arrows to their case return.

* I find the Grecian colonels were all lords.

† And gentlemen too; now, in some countries,
ou'll see a lord no gentleman.

He

HOMER'S ILIADS. 67

He said, and squatting on his breech,
Calchas rose up, and look'd on each :
With caution he began to speak,
A speech compos'd of purest Greek.
He was a wizard, and did know,
Past, present, and the future too.
The different languages he knew
Of every kind of bird that flew ;
Each word could construe that they spoke,
Or screech-owls scream, or ravens croak ;
And by a science most profound,
Distinguish rotten eggs from sound.
When first the Grecians man'd their boats,
To sail and cut the Trojans throats ;
Safely to steer 'em through the tide,
They chose this wizard for their guide.
As slow as clock-work he arose,
And first began to blow his nose ;
Dubious to speak, or hold his tongue,
His words betwixt his teeth were hung :
But having taken heart of grace,
He thus began t'explain the case :

68 THE FIRST BOOK OF

Darling of Jove, if thou would'st know,
 Why Phœbus draws his longest bow,
 I'll tell ; if from Atrides' rage,
 Thou'lt tooth and nail defend my age ;
 Because I know things must come out,
 That fore will gripe him in the *gut*.
 These monarchs are so proud and haughty,
 Subjects can't tell them when they're
 faulty ;
 Because, though now their fury drops,
 Some how or other out it pops.
 And this remember, whilst you live,
 When kings can't punish, they'll forgive.

Achilles thus ; old Cock speak out ;
 Speak freely, without fear or doubt.
 By Jupiter ! I swear, so long
 As I draw breath amidst this throng,
 The bloodiest cur in all this crew
 Sha'n't dare so much as bark at you ;
 Not e'en the chief, so grum and tall,
 Who sits two steps above us all.

These

HOMER'S ILIADS. 69

These words the doubtful vet'ran chear,
 Who then proceeded without fear.
 To th' gods you're honest, I can say,
 Nor e'er refus'd good beef to slay.
 But 'tis our chief provok'd the god,
 To scourge us with this iron rod ;
 Because his priest was d—d ill us'd ;
 His daughter ——d, himself abus'd :
 The vicar's pray'rs caus'd these disorders ;
 Gods fight for men in holy orders ;
 Nor will he from his purpose flinch ;
 Nor will his godship budge one inch ;
 But without mercy, great and small,
 A sudden death involve us all.
 If Agamemnon doth not fend her
 With mighty captains to attend her,
 Then let's in haste the girl restore
 Without a ranfome ; and what's more,
 Let's rams, and goats, and oxen give,
 That priests and gods may let us live.
 Ready to burst with vengeful ire,
 That made his sparkling eyes strike fire.

70 THE FIRST BOOK OF

Atrides with an angry scowl
 Replies, the devil d—n your soul !
 I've a great mind, you lousy wizard,
 To lay my fist across your mazzard.
 Son of an ugly squinting bitch,
 Pray who the pox made you a witch ?
 I don't believe, you mongrel dog,
 You ken a handsaw from a hog ;
 Nor know, altho' you thus dare flounce,
 How many f—ts will make an ounce :
 And yet, you scurvy croaking toad,
 Mischief you can to me forebode ;
 And think, because you are a priest,
 You safely may with rulers jest :
 But I forewarn thee, shun the stroke,
 Nor dare my king-like rage provoke ;
 A pretty fellow ! thou to teach
 Our men to murmur at thy speech !
 With falshood all the Greeks surprize,
 And bring the gods to back thy lies ;
 And all because a girl I keep
 For exercise, to make me sleep.

Besides,

Besides, the wench does all things neatly,
 And handles my affairs compleatly.
 She hems, marks linen, and she *stitches*,
 And mends my doublet, hose, and breeches.
 My Clytemnestra well I love,
 But not so well as her, by Jove!
 Yet since you say we suffer slaughter;
 Because I kiss this parson's daughter;
 Then go she must—I'll let her go,
 Since that will ease my people's woe,
 Rather than see my Grecians fall,
 And be esteem'd the cause of all;
 My dearest pretty wench I'll give,
 On whom I doat, for whom I live;
 But since I must resign for Greece,
 I shall expect as good a *piece*:
 'Tis a great loss, and *d—n my blood!
 But all shall join to make it good.

* Homer's gods, goddesses, and heroes, were
 all heathens; therefore you must not be surprized
 if they speak and act like heathens. Swearing
 and talking bawdy, are bad Christian accomplish-
 ments, but they do mighty well for heathens.

Achilles, with a furious nod,
 Replies, a pretty speech, by G—d !
 Think'st thou the troops will in her stead,
 Send what they got with broken head !
 Nor shall we deem it very fair,
 To give what we have earn'd in war.
 You tyrants may with face demand,
 But none but fools will understand.
 If thou for plunder look'st, my boy,
 Enough there is of that in Troy :
 Her towers, perhaps, we down may pull,
 And then we'll stuff thy belly full.

The king attack'd him in his turn ;
 As thus : Achilles, thee I scorn :
 Do'nt think that I will be so serv'd,
 And thou lie warm, whilst I am starv'd.
 Though thou in battle makes brave work,
 Can beat the d—l, pope, and Turk,
 Thou shalt not force from me my prize ;
 The man that doth must early rise.

Thou

Thou brainless elf, shall I, d'ye see,
 Give up my girl to pleasure thee?
 Let something be produc'd to view,
 Which I may have of her in lieu;
 Something that's great and noble, see!
 That's worthy such a prince as me;
 Or else I will; my choler rises,
 Soon have a *stroke* at all your prizes:
 Ulysses, Ajax, I'll make puts,
 And take their booty by the scuts.
 The man that's hurt may bawl and roar,
 And swear, but he can do no more.
 But this some other time may be,
 The vessel launch'd I now must see:
 Prepare the offerings, and take care,
 That pilots skill'd, and oars there are;
 The ropes well tarr'd, the sails be good;
 The bottom tallow'd, calk'd the wood:
 Then shall Chryseis go on board,
 Attended by some noble lord;
 By Creta's king, or Ajax bold,
 Or by Ulysses wife and old;

Or,

74 THE FIRST BOOK OF

Or, if I please, I'll make you skip
Aboard, as captain of the ship;
'Tis fit Achilles should appease
This God; for he may do't with ease.
Achilles, at this mortal twitch,
Sprang up like light'ning from his breech;
Stammer'd for words, at last found vent,
And back to him this answer sent,
Thou lump of guile and impudence!
Thou king without a grain of sense!
Thou dupe to interest and deceit;
I find, what's base thou think'st most
mete:

Is this the case? I hope no chief
For thee will fight, or eat thy beef.
How can'st thou hope the Grecian band
Will ever charge at thy command?
What business I to fight thy battle,
The Trojans never stole my cattle?
My farm secur'd by rocks and sands,
Bid bold defiance to their bands:

We've

We've plenty there of every thing;
 Our men can fight, so can their king.
 Hither we came, 'tis shame, I'm sure,
 To fight, for what? an arrant whore:
 A pretty story this to tell.
 Instead of being treated well,
 In recompence for all our blows,
 We're spurn'd and kick'd by your *dog's*
nose:

And, dar'st thou think to seize my
 plunder,
 For which I made the battle thunder,
 And men and horses truckle under? }
 No! since it was the Grecians gift,
 To keep it I shall make a shift.
 What would'st thou have? thou had'st
 the *best*

Of every thing; nay, 'tis no jest;
 But in whole skin thou lov'st to be,
 And leave the fighting trade to me:
 Sometimes you give a trifling toy,
 At other's I am call'd brave boy.

This

76 THE FIRST BOOK OF

This will no more hold water, for
I am resolv'd to leave this shore.

When I go, and my men to boots,
I leave thee then a king of clouts.

The general gave him tit for tat,
And answer'd, cocking first his hat ;
Go, and be d—d ! you blustering whelp,
Pray, who the d——l wants your help ?
When you are gone, I know there are
Colonels sufficient for the war :
Besides, great Jove will fight for us,
What need we then this mighty fufs ?
Thou lov'st to quarrel, fratch, and jangle,
To scold and swear, and fight and wrangle.
Great strength thou hast, who gave it
thee ?

Art thou so stupid, can'st not see !
That strength deriv'd from gods must be.
Of all Jove's sons, a bastard host ;
For reasons good, I hate thee most.

Prithee

HOMER'S ILIADS. 77

Prithee be packing ; thou'rt not fit,
 Or here to stand, or there to sit :
 In thy own country men affront ;
 There thou may'st reign lord paramount,
 Thee and thy friendship both I scorn ;
 To fear thee know I was not born :
 Go bully, go, and learn at school,
 First to obey, and then to rule.
 The gods for my Chryseis send,
 And to restore her I intend :
 But look, what follows, surly prince,
 I, to thy sorrow, will convince
 Both thee and thine, that Bryseis fair,
 The loss I suffer shall repair ;
 I'll let thee know what 'tis to be
 A rival to a king like me :
 Thou and this people all shall know,
 That kings are only subject to
 The gods, or right or wrong they do. }

Had you but seen Achilles fret it,
 I think you never could forget it ;

A

78 THE FIRST BOOK OF

A fight so dreadful ne'er was seen,
 He sweat for very rage and spleen :
 Long was he ballanc'd at both ends ;
 When reason mounted, rage descends :
 The last commanded sword lug out ;
 The first advis'd him not to do't.
 With half drawn weapon fierce he stood,
 Eager to let the general blood ;
 When Pallas, swift descending down,
 Hit him a knock upon the crown ;
 Then roar'd as loud as she could yelp,
 Lugging his ears, 'tis I, you whelp :
 She brought from Juno deputation,
 Who was a friend to both their nation.
 By th' Greeks she could not be discover'd,
 'Cause by a black cloud she was cover'd.

Pelides wonder'd who could be
 So bold, and turn'd about to see :
 He knew the brightness of her eyes,
 And loud as he could bawl, he cries,

Goddeſs

Goddeſs of Wiſdom ! pray what weather
Has blown your goatskin doublet hi-
ther ?

Howe'er, thou com'ſt quite opportune,
'To ſee how baſely I'm run down ;
Thou com'ſt moſt *apropo-incog*.
To ſee how I will trim this dog :
For by this truſty blade, his life
Or mine ſhall end this furious ſtrife.

To whom, reply'd the blue-ey'd Pallas,
I come to ſave thee from the gallows ;
Thou'rt ſurely either mad or drunk,
To threaten murder for a punk :
Prithee now, let this paſſion cool ;
For once be guided by a fool :
I flew like light'ning from above,
Thy dreadful fury to remove ;
For white-arm'd Juno bid me ſay,
Let reaſon now thy paſſion ſway,
And angry be another day.

To

80 THE FIRST BOOK OF

To Juno both alike are dear,
 And both alike to me, I'll swear.
 Return thy cutlas to its place,
 And then abuse him to his face :
 In time, depend, thy friendship he
 Shall court with almost bended knee ;
 Only forbear revenge just now,
 And learn thy passions to subdue.

Achilles thus, with ears and eyes,
 I mind thee goddess, bold and wise :
 'Tis hard, indeed, but I'll forego
 Revenge upon this scurvy foe :
 I know, if thy advice I take,
 A recompence thoult surely make :
 Besides, of all the heavenly crew,
 I pay the most regard to you :
 This said, he rams into the sheath
 His rusty instrument of death.

(Pallas then instantly took flight,
 Astride her broom-stick, out of sight ;
 And

HOMER'S ILIADS. 81

And e'er you could repeat twice seven,
 Had reach'd the outward gate of heaven.)
 His gizzard still was mighty hot,
 And boil'd like porridge in a pot;
 Atrides he did so randan,
 He call'd him all but gentleman:
 Thou dog in face! thou deer in heart!
 Thou call'd a fighter! thou a f—t!
 Thou neither wilt in ambush lie,
 Nor in the field thy skill dares try;
 You can look on and bid us fight,
 And claim the greatest profit by't.
 Great Agamemnon safer goes,
 To rob his friends than plunder foes:
 And he who dares to contradict,
 Is sure to have his pockets pick'd;
 Hear then, you pilf'ring dirty cur,
 Whose thieving makes so great a stir:
 By this same truncheon, now I swear;
 (And oaths to me full binding are)
 Which is divided from the tree
 For ever, so I'm cut from thee:

G

I swear,

82 THE FIRST BOOK OF

I swear, I say, by this same stick,
 That I no more will come i'th' nick
 Your hides to save: let Hector swagger,
 And in your throattles sheath his dagger;
 Alas, peccavi, thou wilt say,
 Then ply thy heels, and run away;
 All this will happen, I conjecture,
 The very next time you see Hector;
 And then thyself thou'lt hang, I trow;
 For using brave Achilles so:
 This said, his truncheon gilded round,
 With force he dash'd upon the ground;
 Then sat him down upon his bum,
 And scratch'd his elbow with his thumb.

Atrides gave, by answer clear,
 A Rowland for his Oliver;
 And talk'd away at such a rate,
 You'd think him born at Billingsgate.

Whilst

HOMER'S ILIADS. 83

Whilst thus they rant, and scold, and
 swear,
 Old Nestor rises from his chair;
 Smooth as pomatum was his tongue,
 Where words distill'd from honey hung.
 Two generations he had seen,
 And now a third he rul'd as king;
 And what you hardly credit will,
 Remain'd a fine old Grecian still.
 On him with rev'rend awe they look,
 Whilst thus the wrinkled hero spoke:
 To Greece, what burning shame 'twill be,
 To Troy, what mirth and jollity,
 That our best leaders, men so stout,
 For coney-skins should thus fall out:
 Young men, the old may treat as mules,
 We know full well young men are fools;
 Therefore, my friends, with all my heart,
 A story I'll to you impart:
 I once a set of fellows knew,
 All hearts of oak, and backs of yew:

84 THE FIRST BOOK OF

To look for such would be in vain,
 I ne'er shall see such men again.
 Perithous fame, who can come near,
 Or with bold Dryas dare compare?
 Theseus was more than mortal strong,
 And Polyphemus in the throng,
 Fought like a dragon; Cineus too,
 Whole heaps of desperate warriors slew.
 These were my cronies, I declare;
 To them I owe my skill in war:
 With these the boar stood little chance;
 They made the Centaurs kick and prance.
 Now these, brave boys, these hearts of
 oak,

Were all attention when I spoke:
 And listening would they stand, d'ye see,
 Like fow beneath an apple-tree:
 Tho' I was young, they thought me wise,
 You sure may now with me advise:
 Atrides, don't Briseis seize,
 That action may the Greeks displease;

Nor

HOMER'S ILIADS. 89

Nor you, Achilles, play the fool,
T'insult the king; for he must rule:
Thou art in fight the first, I grant;
As brave as Mars, or John-a-Gaunt:
But then Atrides' majesty,
From insults ought to keep him free.
Of power and strength then it is meet,
A useful mixture to compleat:
I'll try Achilles to appease,
Endeavour you, your heart to ease.
I'd rather give five hundred pound,
Than have Achilles quit the ground.

Bravo! old boy! the king replies,
I swear my veteran's wond'rous wife:
But that snap-dragon won't submit
To laws, unless he thinks 'em fit;
Because he can the Trojans swinge,
He fancies I to him should cringe:
But I shall teach him better things,
And make him know I'm king of kings.

66 THE FIRST BOOK OF I

Achilles quickly broke the thread
 Of this fine speech ; and thus he said ;
 Usage like this I well deserv'd,
 When under such a rogue I serv'd.
 I'm wiser grown, that thou shalt see ;
 Command then any fools but me :
 Seize my Briseis, if thou list,
 Thou'lt find that I shall not resist ;
 Safely then do it, for no more,
 For any woman, wife, or whore,
 Achilles fights ; but take good heed,
 That thou thy buskins even tread ;
 No more Achilles dare t'affront,
 Least he should call thee to account,
 For the ill treatment of thy friend,
 And thy blood pay for't in the end.

This noble conf'rence being o'er,
 Sullen they turn'd 'em to the door,
 With hatty steps Achilles went,
 And sat down sulky in his tent :

Mean

Mean time Atrides fitted out
 A chosen vessel firm and stout ;
 On deck Mifs Chryseis took her stand,
 Ulyffes had the chief command.
 The off'rings in the hold they stuff'd,
 Then all fails fet, away they luff'd.
 The king of men doth next assay,
 The soldiers filth to wash away ;
 A cart and horfe to every tent,
 He with a noify bellman sent :
 The bell did fignify, you muft
 Without delay bring out your duft :
 Then made 'em ftand upon the fhore,
 And with fea-water rub'd them o'er,
 And part with brimftone, for fome bitch
 Had given half the troops the itch ;
 And by a like unfeen mishap,
 The other half had got the cl—p ;
 (Which prov'd to them a mighty fhock,
 Becaufe they had no doctör R—ck,
 Nor p—ff—g poft to pafte a bill :
 You'll find a cure on Ludgate-Hill.

88 THE FIRST BOOK OF H

O doctor, what a loss indeed,
 The Grecians could not English read;
 What hosts would thy assistance seek,
 Couldst thou but write a bill in Greek.
 His next employ was killing goats,
 Of sturdy bulls, he cut the throats:
 The hecatombs in order laid,
 To Phœbus all the rights are paid:
 To heaven in clouds the smoke arose,
 Apollo snuft it up his nose.
 For rather than they would provoke him,
 They sent him smoke enough to choak
 him.

Whilst thus they offer'd sacrifice,
 Rage shot from both Atrides' eyes;
 Two messengers his nod attend,
 By whom he does this message send:
 Run to Achilles' tent; take heed,
 And bring away his wench with speed;
 Tell him you're order'd to attend her,
 And I expect he'd quickly send her;
 Else with a file of musqueteers,
 I'll beat his tent about his ears.

They

They hung an a—se, what could they do?
 They'd rather not, but yet must go;
 Pensive they trod the barren sand,
 On this side sea, on that side land.
 And look'd disconsolate, 'tis said,
 For fear of getting broken head:
 The hero in his tent they found;
 His eyes were fix'd upon the ground:
 They relish'd not his surly look,
 And out of fear their distance took:
 Quickly he guess'd they were in trouble,
 And scorn'd to make their burden double;
 But with his finger or his thumb,
 Beckon'd the tardy knaves to come.
 Ye trusty messengers, draw near,
 And don't bedawb yourselves for fear;
 Tho' you smell strong, but if it's so,
 Pray clean yourselves before ye go;
 I know full well for what you came,
 And likewise know you're not to blame;
 Compell'd, you hither bent your way;
 Your master bids—you must obey:

Patroclus,

90 THE FIRST BOOK OF

Patroclus, fetch my fairest maid,
 Let her to him be quick convey'd :
 But hark, ye messengers — declare,
 What I by all the gods now swear ;
 That tho' in blood all Greece shall wal-
 low,
 With fretting I'll consume no tallow ;
 But coolly let the Trojans come,
 And drub ye every mother's son :
 And if to me they are but civil,
 May drive ye scoundrels to the d—l :
 Your rash ungovern'd headstrong chief
 (Whose folly far exceeds belief)
 When on his head those ills are sent,
 Will then, tho' much too late, repent.

The captive wench Patroclus bears,
 Oppress'd with grief, and drown'd in
 tears ;
 Who with a woful heavy heart,
 As loath from his strong back to part ;

Whilst

Whilst with the messengers she went,
Glanc'd her eyes backward to his tent.

Now, when the pretty girl was gone,
He cry'd like any lubber-loon;
And hanging o'er the sea his head,
With sobs and sighs these words he said,
Oh mother! since I am to die,
So soon, I know not how, nor why;
I think great Jove should glory give,
And grant me splendor whilst I live.
'Tis quite reverse; yon kingly knave,
Has stole the dearest prize I have;
And in the face of all the throng
Of chiefs, has dar'd to do this wrong.

The goddess heard him under water,
And ran as fast as she could patter:
She saw he'd almost broke his heart,
And, like good mother, took his part:
Son, I can't bear to see thee cry;
Come, tell mama, the reason why?

He

92 THE FIRST BOOK OF

He sigh'd from bottom of his chest,
And thus his cause of grief express'd;
That curst rogue, but verily,
You must know all as well as I:
Therefore I'll briefly tell my story,
And get it over in a hurry:
What think you, that vile scoundrel's
done?

That Agamemnon, to your son:
Because his pretty girl is gone,
He must have mine, forsooth, or none.
The Greeks to me this prize impart;
He cares not for the Greeks a fart.
We went to Thebes, a town to sack,
And brought a world of plunder back:
And after a division fair,
Chryseis fell to th'general's share:
But soon her aged father came,
With presents, to redeem the dame;
And made such humble supplication,
As pleas'd the chiefs of either nation.

Now,

Now, every Greek, except Atreides,
 On this same reverend parson's side is ;
 But he, of no one soul afraid,
 Swore blood and oons, he'd keep the
 maid :

And, with an answer most uncivil,
 Damn'd the old fellow to the d——l ;
 The priest walk'd home in doleful dumps,
 Like Witherington, upon his stumps ;
 But, it is plain, he made a halloo,
 That reach'd his loving friend Apollo :
 For he in wrath, most furiously,
 Began to smite us hip and thigh ;
 And, had not I found out a prophet,
 That told us all the reason of it,
 I'm apt to think, that not a sinner,
 Had now been left to eat a dinner ;
 But that as sure as any gun,
 We'd perish'd every mother's son :
 'Twas I, indeed, did first advise
 T'appease the god by sacrifice ;

And

94 THE FIRST BOOK OF

And then his pardon strive to gain;
By sending home the maid again;
For which the d—d confounded churl
Swore he would have Achilles' girl:
And I this minute, you must know,
Like a great fool, have let her go;
For which, no doubt, I shall be scoff'd at,
And by the Greeks and Trojans laugh'd
at:

To Jove then go, and coax him well,
As you know how, the story tell
How you of all the gods held out,
When they once rais'd a rebel rout;
Thou with a boggard scar'd 'em all,
And made 'em let their weapons fall;
Of hands the gods had each but two,
Thine had a hundred; i'n't that true:
Tell him to drive the Greeks pell-mell,
And send their souls in shoals to hell;
And give the king to rule with speed,
Not o'er the living, but the dead;

And

And then he'll hang himself for spite,
He durst the bravest Grecian slight.

His mother's heart was almost broke,
To hear how mournfully he spoke:
But having sigh'd, she thus replies,
The salt brine running from her eyes:
O son! most sure the d——l's in't!
Thy life the Fates cut short and stint:
Hard usage this, and then to boots,
To bear the Grecians gibes and flouts,
Is worst of all: take my advice,
And hie thee homeward in a trice;
Or, if a mind thou hast to stay,
Assist 'em not in any fray.
'To Jupiter I'll surely go,
And let him all the matter know;
He junkets now with swarthy faces,
For Jupiter has all his paces;
And will continue at the feast,
Ten or eleven days at least:

Soon

96 THE FIRST BOOK OF

Soon as his feasting's at an end,
I'll tell him all, you may depend ;
'Till Jove has granted my petition,
Don't stir to save 'em from perdition ;
I'll come when I know more o'th' matter,
So fouse she plung'd beneath the water.

Mean time, Ulysses, skipper good,
In Chrysa's port, at anchor rode.
When sails were furl'd, and all made
snug,
They tipt the can, and pass'd the jug.
Next in their boats they bring ashore
The off'rings, neither less nor more
Than they took in ; and last came out
The girl that caus'd this woeful rout.
The wise Ulysses, quick as thought,
Her ladyship to th'altar brought ;
And, as he gave her to her dad,
He made his reverence ; and said,
I'm come, thus kneeling on my knees,
Apollo's anger to appease ;

With

With precious gifts I bring to thee,
 Thy daughter back, and ransom free;
 And, what I own is boldly said,
 I've brought her with her maidenhead:
 To Sol then supplication make,
 That he this plague may from us take:
 The parson hugg'd and kiss'd his daughter,
 And shak'd the hands of them that
 brought her;
 So pleas'd to see the maid again,
 He fell to prayers with might and main;
 And, whilst the Greeks the cattle slay,
 Thus did the priest to Phœbus pray;
 "Apollo, prithee hear me, now,
 As eke thou did'st nine days ago.
 As thou at my request did'st kill
 The Greeks; now cease their blood to
 spill:
 Hear my petition once again,
 And ease the caitiffs of their pain."

H

Apollo,

98 THE FIRST BOOK OF

Apollo, as the sound drew near,
 To ev'ry syllab lent an ear ;
 And now it was the horned creatures,
 Were portion'd into halves and quarters.
 After the god of day was serv'd,
 The priest for all the people carv'd.
 Lord! how the hungry whoresons scaff'd,
 How eagerly the wine they quaff'd,
 Till they had left no single chink,
 Either to hold more meat or drink.
 Now they were in fqr't, and grew mellow,
 Nothing was heard but whoop and hal-
 loo :

Rare songs they sung, and catches too,
 The composition good and true ;
 Apollo made 'em every one ;
 'Tis pity they were lost so soon.

But now 'tis time that we find out
 What fierce Achilles is about,
 Pensive he sat, and bit his thumbs ;
 No comfort yet, no mother comes.

Eleven days were gone and pass'd,
 When Jove return'd to heav'n at last :
 Enough he'd got of kifs and smack,
 And found 'twas time to travel back.

The mother on her word must think,
 So up she mounted in a twink,
 Approach'd his godship, whom she took
 Fast by the hand ; and thus she spoke :
 " If ever I had luck to be
 Useful in time of need to thee,
 Quickly revenge th'affront that's done
 By Agamemnon to my son.
 Let Hector thrash 'em, if he list,
 Till every Grecian rogue's bepist,
 And make them scamper at his sight,
 Like frightned larks before a kite."

Whilst Jove considers what to say ;
 Onward she goes ; she'll have no nay ;
 " You must with my request comply,
 My dearest dad, pray don't deny :

But let the heavenly rabble see
 Some kindness is reserv'd for me :"
 Then answers he who rolls the thunder,
 I'm much amaz'd, and greatly wonder,
 That you should thus attempt, with tears,
 To set my rib and me by th'ears,
 This, by my soul ! will make rare work !
 Juno will rate me like a Turk ;
 You surely know, and have known long,
 The d——l cannot match her tongue :
 To Troy, I'm sure, I wish full well ;
 She ne'er forgets that tale to tell :
 But get you gone, lest she should see :
 Your suit, depend, shall granted be :
 With head (observe) I'll give a nod,
 That cannot be revers'd, by G—d :
 The Thunderer then his noddle shakes,
 And Greece, like city custard, quakes.
 Thetis, well pleas'd the Greeks to fouse,
 Dives under water like a goose ;
 Whilst Jove to th'upper house repairs,
 And calls about him all his peers :

With

HOMER'S ILIADS. 101

With hanging look and trembling hand,
 They all before his footstool stand,
 Juno excepted ; fear she scorns ;
 She hates all manners ; damns all forms ;
 And because Jove had just been talking
 With Thetis (nothing more provoking
 Her passion rose, and she ding dong,
 Would quarrel with him, right or wrong.
 'Tis mighty civil, on my life,
 To keep all secrets from your wife :
 Is this the method, Mr. Jove,
 You take to shew your wife, your love ?
 Pray who's that brimstone-looking quean,
 With whom you whispering was seen ?
 Perhaps you're set some secret task,
 And I'm impertinent to ask.
 Is there a wife 'tween here and Styx,
 Like me, would bear your whoring tricks ?
 But goodman Royster ! I'd have you
 know,
 Tho' you are Jove ; I still am Juno !

Madam, says Jove, by all this prate,
 I partly guess what you'd be at :
 You want the secrets to disclose,
 Which I conceal from friends and foes :
 You only seek your own disquiet,
 Secrets to women are bad diet :
 A secret makes a desp'rate rumble,
 Nor ceases in the gut to grumble ;
 Till vent it finds, then out it flies,
 Attended with ten thousand lies.
 All characters to pieces tears,
 And sets the neighbourhood by th'ears.
 What's proper I'll to you relate,
 The rest remains with me and fate :
 But from this day I'll order no man
 Shall trust a secret with a woman.
 The goddess with the goggle eyes,
 Roll'd 'em about, and thus replies :
 I find 'twill be in vain to plead,
 When once you get it in your head,

To

HOMER'S ILIADS. 203

To contradict your loving wife,
You value neither noise nor strife.
Should all the female sex gain-say,
A mule will always have his way :
But yet for Greece I'm fore afraid,
E'er since that silver-footed jade,
That Thetis, with you conf'rence had ;
I fear she's hatching something bad,
And hath some signal favour won,
For her dear ranting roaring son,
Perhaps you'll take the whore's-bird's side,
And thrash my Grecian's back and hide.

Flux me, quoth Jove, thy jealous pate,
Instead of love, will move my hate.
I tell thee, cunning thou must be
To worm this secret out of me :
'Tis better far, good wife, to cease
To plague me thus, and study peace ;
Or gods to thy assistance call,
And I will trim your jackets all.

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To plague me thus, and study peace ;
Or gods to thy assistance call,
And I will trim your jackets all.

Juno with face as broad as platter,
 Soon found she had mista'en the matter,
 She relish'd not this furly dish,
 So fat her down as mute as fish.
 The guests were every one confounded,
 And all their mirth was well nigh
 drowned :

Their knives and forks they every one
 Before their greasy plates laid down ;
 Each mouth was ready cock'd, to beg
 Leave to depart, and make a leg :
 When Juno's son, yecliped Vulcan,
 A special fellow at a full can,
 And workman of no slender fame ;
 A blacksmith excellent, tho' lame ;
 And whitesmith too, he made their
 coaches,

And on occasion shod their horses ;
 Starts up, and thus a speech began,
 Hammer'd himself from his own brain,
 Quoth

HOMER'S ILIADS. 105

Quoth he, what pity 'tis that we,
Who should know nought but jollity,
Should scold and squabble, brawl and
 wrangle,

And about silly mortals jangle.

In peace put we the can about,

Get drunk ye mortals, and fall out.

Mother, you know not what you're
 doing,

To CALLOT thus will be your ruin ;

He'll some time, in a devilish fury,

Do you some mischief, I'll assure you :

Yet I'll lay six pence to a farthing,

He'll kiss you if you ask his pardon.

This said, a swinging bowl he takes,

And drank it off for both their sakes ;

Then with a caper fill'd another ;

Which he presented to his mother ;

Not courtier like, I hand this bowl,

But take it from an honest soul,

That means and thinks whate'er he says,

It won't be so in future days :

Here

Here drink Jove's health, and own his
 sway,

You know, you promis'd to obey.

When once my father's in a passion,

He's devilish cross, hear my relation ;

In your good cause I felt his twist,

My leg he seiz'd in his strong wrist :

In vain it was with him to grapple,

He grasp'd me as you would an apple,

And from his mutton fist, when hurl'd,

For three long days and nights I twirl'd ;

At last upon the earth fell squash,

My legs were broken all to mash ;

'Tis true, they're set, as you may see ;

But most folks think d—d awkwardly :

He then with scrapes the bowl repeated,

To all the circle, and retreated.

This cur'd them all from being dull ;

They laugh'd their sides and bellies full :

Once more to dinner down they sat,

And eat and drank until they sweat.

Now

HOMER'S ILIADS. 207

Now they were in for't, and all day long
They bowz'd about, and had a song:
The fiddlers next in course did follow;
The harp was thrum'd on by Apollo:
To make the concert something grand,
Nine ballad-fingers lent a hand:
The worst of them was better far
Than any in our op'ra's are.
At sun-set, with a giddy head,
Each drunkard reel'd him home to bed.
Vulcan, who practis'd any trade,
For every god a house had made;
Now night came on, with sable foot,
When Jove seiz'd Juno by the scut;
They then agreed, and where's the wonder;
His sceptre rais'd, she soon knock'd
under.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE SECOND BOOK OF
HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

JOVE, or by fame he much bely'd is,
Sends off a dream to hum Atrides :
His conscience telling him it meet is,
To make his promise good to Thetis ;
Gave it commission, as it went,
To tell the cull by whom 'twas sent ;
And bid it fill his head top full,
Of taking Troy, and cock and bull.

The

The vision goes as it was bid,
 And fairly turn'd the general's head,
 Who like an errant Jack-o-dandy,
 Thinks Troy his own as safe as brandy :
 But e'er he fights, he has an eye,
 The mettle of his rogues to try.
 He tells the captains he'll propose,
 That homeward they direct their nose;
 If they'll take care when he had sped,
 To come, and knock it all o'th' head.
 The plot succeeds; they're glad to go;
 But sage Ulysses, answers no.
 Let's drive his truncheon with a thwack,
 Upon Thersites' huckle back :
 Check'd other scoundrels with a frown,
 And knock'd the sawciest rascals down;
 Proving, that at improper times,
 To speak the truth's he worst of crimes.

Th'assembly met; some make fine
 speeches,
 Whilst Nestor all their duty teaches;
 Orders

210 THE FIRST BOOK OF

Orders that every congregation
Mix not with any other nation;
But with their own commanders stay;
Whether they fight or run away:
And whilst thus gather'd in a cluster,
They think it best to make a muster.

H O:

HOMER'S ILIADS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

WITH sleep now mortals eyes were
 clos'd,
The gods grew sleepy too, and dos'd ;
The mortals all their length lay fair ;
The gods repos'd in easy chair,
All but great Jove, he watch could keep,
For ever, 'cause he needs no sleep ;
It in his plotting noddle run,
How he might honour Thetis' son :
He quickly bids a cloud draw near,
And in a mortal's shape appear :

Go

112 THE FIRST BOOK OF

Go Dream, says he, as light as air,
To Agamemnon's tent repair,
Tell him his buff coat to put on,
And arm the Grecians, every one ;
Then swear, that now he shall pull down
The mighty walls of Troy's fair town ;
And tell him that it thus will be,
The gods with fate itself agree.

Away goes Dream upon the wing,
And stands before the yawning king :
Grave Nestor's coat and figure took,
As old as he, as wise his look,
Rubs the king's noddle with his wings,
And, full of guile, thus small he sings,
Monarch, how canst thou sleeping lie,
When thou hast other fish to fry ?
Hast thou no thought about decorum,
Who art the very head o'th' quorum ?
The Greeks are all pin'd on thy lap,
Arise, and quick postpone thy nap ;

I come

HOMER'S ILIADS. 113

I come by Jove's command, to tell,
 Thou art by him respected well,
 He bids thy buff coat to put on,
 And arm the Grecians every one;
 And swears, that now thou shalt pull
 down
 The mighty walls of Troy's fam'd town;
 Nay, more he adds, the gods agree,
 With fate itself, it thus shall be;
 Then nothing more this nothing says,
 But turn'd about, and went his ways.
 Upstarts the king, and scratches well
 his bum, what more I cannot tell;
 His fancy's tickl'd much to think,
 He'd fouse the Trojans in a twink.
 A silly goose, he little knew,
 What furly Jove resolv'd to do;
 What shoals of fellows brave must fall,
 Before they shook the Trojan wall.
 Down on the floor he clapt his bum,
 And smack'd his fingers with his thumb;

I

Then

114 THE SECOND BOOK OF

Then d'on's his shirt with Holland cuff;
 For, Frenchman like, he lay in buff;
 Over his doublet puts furtout;
 'Twas alamode, and almost new:
 Slips on his pumps, then took his sword,
 And trudg'd away to th' council-board.
 I had almost forgot one thing,
 His sceptre grasp'd, then look'd a king.

Now rosy morn the casement opens,
 And of approaching day gives tokens,
 When Agamemnon's heralds rouze.
 The Greeks, to hear this joyful news.
 He long'd, like breeding wife, it seems,
 To tell the Greeks his pleasing dreams.
 I'th' interim, trotting to the fleet,
 Old Nestor there he chanc'd to meet;
 Whose tent he borrows for that morn,
 To make a council-chamber on;
 And, reason good he had, I ween,
 It kept his own apartment clean.

Now

HOMER'S ILIADS. 115

Now, all hands met, he takes his time,
 And told his case in prose or rhyme :
 Friends, neighbours, and confederates
 bold,
 Attend, whilst I my tale unfold ;
 Last night, as I lay in my bed,
 A form divine approach'd my head ;
 Old Nestor's shape and coat it took,
 As grave as he, as wise his look,
 And this short speech distinctly spoke : }
 How can'st thou, monarch, sleeping lie,
 When thou hast other fish to fry ?
 Hast thou no thought about decorum,
 Who art the very head o'th' quorum :
 The Greeks are all pinn'd on thy lap,
 Arise then quick, postpone thy nap :
 I come, by Jove's command, to tell,
 Thou art by him respected well ;
 He bids, thy buff-coat to put on,
 And arm the Grecians every one ;

116 THE SECOND BOOK OF

And swears, that now thou shalt pull
down

The mighty walls of fam'd Troy town :
Nay more, he adds, the gods agree
With fate itself, it thus shall be.

Jove and his queen have had their
quantum,

And now have ceas'd their rantum-scan-
tum ;

Has brought her to her best behaviours,
And are as kind as incle-weavers ;

Then nothing more the vision says,
But turn'd about, and went his ways :

As we have orders now from Jove,
I think to war the troops should move :

But first, what think you, if we settle,
A scheme to try the rascal's mettle :

As with nine years they're worn to th'
stumps,

I'll feign myself in hellish dumps

About this matter, and propose,

That homeward they direct their nose :

Then

HOMER'S ILIADS. 117

Then you come in devilish fury,
And turn 'em backward in a hurry:

He spoke, and squatted on his breech,
When Nestor rose, and made this speech:
Had any man, but this our leader,
For dreams and visions been a pleader,
I should have boldly call'd him no man,
But an old dreaming doating woman;
For tales like these I ne'er believe,
Invented mostly to deceive.

But here we can no guile suspect,
Since he, with regal honours deck'd,
Has said it; so, with one accord,
Let's e'en resolve to take his word:
I therefore say, my knights so stout,
Of this same vision make no doubt:
From heaven we certainly shall find it;
If so, 'tis very fit we mind it.
Atrides bids, then let us go,
To rouse our men, and face the foe.

118 THE SECOND BOOK OF

He said : and without more delay,
 From council-board they haste away ;
 Their men they muster, and lead on,
 They still were many thousands strong ;
 As thick as bees before they swarm,
 Or grasshoppers when weather's warm.
 And Jove, for fear they should not all
 Attend, and mind their general's call,
 Bid Fame, a devilish lying strumpet,
 To sound her longest brazen trumpet :
 This, brought such numbers on the lawn,
 The very earth was heard to groan.
 Nine cryers went to still their noise,
 That they might hear their leader's voice.
 He haw'd and hem'd before he spoke,
 Then rais'd his truncheon made of oak :
 'Twas Vulcan's making, which Jove gave
 To Hermes, that same thieving knave ;
 From him through various hands it past,
 And to Atrides came at last :
 With this he rules the Greeks with ease,
 Or breaks their noddles, if he please.

Now

Now leaning on't, he silence broke,
 And thus with sulky accent spoke:
 Friends, neighbours, and confederates
 bold,

Attend, whilst I my tale unfold:
 On Jove we have too much rely'd,
 And oracles too often try'd,
 And been by oracles bely'd.

One tells a mighty pretty story,
 That we shall all return with glory;
 Another, we shall fill our pockets,
 With watches, jewels, rings, and lockets,
 For presents to our wives and misses,
 Which they'll repay us back with kisses.
 And thus have we been led by th' nose,
 Our money spent, and torn our cloaths;
 With stories cramm'd our empty sculls,
 Of blue dogs tails, and cocks and bulls.
 Now Jove is got on t'other tack,
 And says, we all must trundle back:
 Dry blows we've got, and what is more,
 Our fame is lost upon this shore.

120 THE SECOND BOOK OF

A time there was, when who but we;
 Now we're hum-bugg'd, you plainly see;
 And what increases still our woe,
 We fly before a feeble foe:
 Take but the number of our men,
 Troy hardly reckons one for ten.
 One hundred moons and seventeen
 Upon this cursed coast we've been,
 And Troy's as far from being sack'd
 As when it was at first attack'd;
 The more we kill, the more appear;
 I think they grow like mushrooms here.
 Like Toulon frigates rent and torn,
 Our leaky ships to th' stumps are worn;
 Then let's be packing, and away;
 For what the vengeance should we stay.
 Our wives without it won't remain;
 Pray how the pox should they contain?
 Our duty, nature, every sense,
 Calls us to haste away from hence;
 Let us no more then make this fuss,
 Troy was not doom'd to fall by us.

Most

Most of the soldiers that were not
 Let into the bottom of this plot,
 Were hugely pleas'd, and strait begin
 To cry, God save our noble king!
 He that spoke last, spoke well we say;
 So turn'd about, and march'd away:
 As they mov'd off, they wav'd their fea-
 thers,

Like ripen'd corn in windy weathers;
 To it they went with all their heart,
 To get things ready to depart:
 Holloo, cry some; here lend a hand,
 To heave the vessels off the strand:
 Holo, cry others, don't stand *****,
 But bear a hand, and mend the rigging:
 Now, all the vessels launch'd had been,
 If scolding Juno had not seen;
 That jade eternal watching keeps,
 For fear of her dear croney Greeks;
 Not out of love, so much as malice,
 To that same harmless whoring Paris;

Because

122 THE SECOND BOOK OF

Because that he, on Ida's Mount,
Swore Venus had the better — ;
And most are of opinion still,
He shew'd himself a man of skill :
For Juno, ever mischief hatching,
Had rubb'd her belly bare with scratch-
ing,
Whilst Venus, so divinely fair,
Had got a glorious tuft of hair.
Since then there was so wide a difference,
Pray who can wonder at the preference ?
For tufts I own myself a pleader,
Pray, what are you, my gentle reader ?
A simple answer to the question,
Will put an end to this digression :
Why can't you speak now, when you're
bid,
You like a tuft ? I thought you did ;
And, since you've freely spoke your
mind ;
We'll back return, and Juno find.

Perching

Perching upon a coal black cloud,
 Pallas she calls, and calls aloud :
 Pallas was near, to whom she spoke ;
 Would it not any soul provoke,
 To see the Grecians headlong run,
 And leave their business all undone ?
 This will be pretty work, indeed ;
 For Greece to fly and Troy succeed.
 Rot me ! but Priam's whoring race,
 Unpunish'd shan't maintain their place :
 Shall whoring, lying Paris do
 Nell's business, and her husband go ?
 And with a dismal rueful face,
 Return to Sparta with disgrace :
 It sha'n't be so ; the Greeks I'll make
 Once more their trusty weapons take,
 And, without hind'rance, or demurrage,
 Inspire the heartless rogues with courage ;
 Then fly, my crony, in great haste,
 Lest opportunity be past :

The

124 THE SECOND BOOK OF

The cause, my girl, is partly thine,
 He scorn'd thy — as well as mine;
 And to us both preferr'd a thing,
 That smells of sea-weed, and old ling:
 I mean, you know the tuzzy-muzzy,
 Of that same wanton, sea born huzzy.
 Affronts, like these, you may believe,
 No female ever can forgive.

Pallas obeys, and down the slope,
 Slides like a sailor on a rope.
 Upon the barren shore she found,
 Ulysses lost in thoughts profound:
 His head with care so very full,
 He look'd as solemn as an owl;
 Was forely grip'd, nor at this pinch,
 Would launch his ships a single inch.
 And is it thus, she says, my king,
 The Greeks their hogs to market bring?
 Shall Priam's lecherous son, that f——s
 By dozens other people's wives,

Be

HOMER'S ILIADS. 125

Be left to make his p—t—le swell in
The heavenly — of beauteous Hellen?
O, no; the very thoughts, by Gad!
Makes wisdom's goddess almost mad.
Tho' by thy help, I think 'tis odds,
But yet I singe the rascal's c—ds:
Then fly, Ulysses, stop 'em all;
The captains must their troops recall.
Thou hast the gift o'th' gob, I know;
Be quick, and use it, prithee do:
From Pallas thou shalt have assistance,
Should any scoundrel make resistance.

Ulysses well the voice could ken,
So pull'd his breeches up; and then,
Off went his coat: haste made him tear it;
But weather was too hot to wear it.
He ran, as he was bid, and met
Great Agamemnon in a pet;
Just risen from his morning luncheon,
And beg'd the favour of his truncheon;

Which,

126 THE SECOND BOOK OF

Which, when he'd got, he look'd as big
 As J—n—'s coronation wig ;
 Then flew like wild-fire thro' the ranks,
 'Twas wond'rous how he ply'd his thanks :
 He calls each captain by his name ;
 Each captain answer'd to the same.
 Then thus, O knights of courage stout,
 Pray, what the devil makes this rout ?
 You that exalted are for samples,
 Should set your soldiers good examples ;
 Instead of that, I pray, why strove ye
 To run as if the d—l drove ye ;
 You knew, full well, 'twas all in jest ;
 Our general made that strange request ;
 He only meant our hearts to try ;
 And's sorely vex'd to think we fly.
 At council-board this very day,
 Quite different things you heard him say.
 But, if he met a common man,
 That dar'd to contradict his plan,
 Or, if the scoundrel durst but grumble ;
 Nay, if he did but seem to mumble ;

He,

He, with his truncheon of command,
First knock'd him down, then bid him
stand :

By this good management they stopp'd ;
And all the thoughts of flight were dropt
From launching ships, with one accord,
They trudg'd away to th' council-board.

The tumult then began to cease :
The noise was hush'd, and all was peace.

One ill-tongu'd whelp, Thersites nam'd,
Repining in the crowd remain'd :

The rogue had neither shame nor man-
ners ;

His hide was only fit for tanners :

With wit and malice, all his aim
Was better soldiers to defame :

All sorts of folks, his ranc'rous hate,
With names abus'd, but most the great.

Grotesque his figure was, and vile,
Much in the Hudibrastick stile :

Mankind he hated all full sore ;
But men of worth he hated more,

And

128 THE SECOND BOOK OF

And by his scurril dirty joking,
Was every day the king provoking :
The Grecians scorn'd him, yet 'twas odd,
Tho' vex'd, they heard the ugly toad :
His screech-owl's voice he rais'd with
might,

And vended thus his dirty spite :
“ Ther/sites from the matter wide is,
Or something vexes great Atrides ;
But what the murrain it can be,
The Lord above can only see !
No man alive dare be censorious,
His reign has been so very glorious :
Then what has lodg'd the heavy bullet
Of discontent within his gullet ;
That makes him look as foul as thunder,
To me's a secret and a wonder :
He had the best the Grecians know,
Of gold, and handsome wenches too.
But say ; shall Greece and I go speed
To Troy, and bring thee in thy need,

The

HOMER'S ILLIAD. S. 129

The race of royal sons of whores,
 By ransom, to increase thy stores?
 When we return, to seize prepare
 Some prize, 'tis safe to plunder here.
 If the fit move thee for that same,
 Thou need'st but take some captain's
 dame;
 Our master wills, and 'tis but fit,
 To his hot lust we all submit.
 Ye women Greeks, a servile race,
 Might I advise you, quit this place;
 And leave this mighty man of pleasure,
 To **** his doxies at his leisure.
 When Hector comes, we'll then be mist;
 When Hector comes, he'll be bepist.
 The man that makes us slaves submit,
 When Hector comes, will be bes—t;
 He'll rue the dire unlucky day,
 He forc'd Achilles' girl away:
 That pretty girl, we all agreed,
 To give the hero for his need.

K

Achilles

130 THE SECOND BOOK OF

Achilles would, but can't resent,
 Tho' wrapp'd in fullen discontent :
 But should his rage his reason fling,
 He'd into atoms kick this king."

Sudden, Ulysses from the ground,
 Springs furious with a mighty bound,
 Ready to burst with rage and grief,
 To hear the rogue so maul his chief.
 His eyes look'd fierce, like ferrets red ;
 Hunchback he scans ; and thus he said,
 Ha' done, thou moon-calf, cease to
 babble ;

To clamour thus, and idly squabble :
 Hold thy foul tongue ; if thou dispute
 The sov'reign sway, I'll cut it out :
 Thou prating knave, I know thee well ;
 A slave, a rascal, black as hell.
 What plea can'st thou have names to call,
 Who art in action least of all ?
 Think'st thou a single Greek will stir
 One inch, for such a snarling cur ?

How

How dar'st thou use Atrides' name,
 And of a sovereign prince make game ?
 For safe return great Jove we trust ;
 'Tis our's to fight, and fight we must.
 If to great Agamemnon we
 Have presents made, what's that to thee ?
 What mighty gifts hast thou bestow'd,
 Except thy venom ? scurvy toad !
 If their earn'd spoils the brave resign,
 Thou art not brave, that lot's not thine.
 I wish, by all that's good and true,
 That I no more my son may view,
 When I go home, but find another,
 Got on the body of his mother,
 If I don't punish thy next fault,
 By stripping off thy scarlet coat ;
 Divest thee of thy spear and sword,
 And drive thee from the council-board :
 Then scourge thy hide from head to feet,
 And send thee yelping thro' the fleet.
 This said ; his sceptre, with a thwack,
 He drove against his huckle back :

132 THE SECOND BOOK OF

It fell, with such a dev'lish thump,
 It almost rais'd another hump.
 The poor faint-hearted culprit cries,
 and tears bedew'd his blood-shot eyes :
 With clout he wip'd his ugly face,
 And sneak'd in silence to his place.
 Then might you hear the mob declare
 Their thoughts on courage, and on fear.
 Up to the stars they cry'd Ulysses,
 A braver fellow never piffes,
 Of insolence he stops the tide,
 Nor gives it time to spread too wide.
 We want but half a score such samples,
 To make all prating knaves examples :
 'Twould teach us all much better things,
 Than dare to chatter about kings.
 Whilst thus they sing, Ulysses praises,
 The cunning chief his body raises.
 Atrides' sceptre of command,
 Extended in his dexter hand.
 Pallas stood by in herald's coat,
 And bid them hark to words of note.

With

With staring looks and open jaws,
 They catch each accent as it flows.
 First, with his hand he scratch'd his head,
 To try if wit's alive or dead :
 But, when he found his wit was strong,
 And ready to assist his tongue ;
 To clear his throat, he hem'd aloud,
 And then address'd the list'ning crowd :
 Unlucky king, thus to be us'd,
 Deserted first, and then abus'd.
 At Argos, when we came to muster,
 And were all gather'd in a cluster ;
 The general voice was heard to say,
 The de'il fetch him that runs away !
 Then swore, if I remember right,
 They never would return from fight,
 'Till Troy should in its ashes lie ;
 And yet, you see, for home they cry.
 It may, indeed, seem very hard,
 To be so long from home debarr'd :
 If but a single month, we are
 Detain'd from wife and children dear,

134 THE SECOND BOOK OF

Upon the sea, how do we moan,
 And ardent wish a quick return;
 Then sure the people may shed tears,
 Since they've been absent nine long years:
 They're not to blame for being sad,
 But baffled thus, would make one mad.
 Tho' wizard Calchas plainly said,
 If we the space of nine years staid,
 The tenth we surely should destroy,
 This paltry mud-wall'd borough Troy.
 Have patience then, and let's endure,
 To stay and fight a few weeks more.
 Remember how a mighty dragon,
 A plane-tree mounted from a waggon;
 He found a bird's nest at the top,
 And quickly eat eight young ones up;
 To make the ninth, there wants another;
 On which the serpent snapp'd the mother.
 Tho' after he had made this rout,
 He ne'er had time to shit 'em out:
 For, chang'd to marble he remains,
 A monument on Aulis plains.

When

When Calchas saw this wond'rous thing,
 Like Endor's witch he drew a ring;
 And standing by himself i'th' middle,
 Began this wonder to unriddle:
 My friends, if you'll but lend an ear,
 I'll quickly ease you of your fear:
 Give you but credit to my speeches,
 And then you'll all keep cleaner breeches.
 This prodigy from Jove was sent ye,
 To indicate that good is meant ye;
 As many birds, so many years,
 We should remain in hopes and fears:
 But 'ware the tenth; for then should Ilion
 Tumble, tho' guarded by a million:
 All this will happen, if you'll stay,
 And patiently your chiefs obey:
 Call but to mind fair Helen's rape,
 Nor let these Trojan whelps escape.

Up started then old Chitter-Chatter,
 And lent his hand to clench the matter:

136 THE SECOND BOOK OF

You are fine fellows, on my word,
Who'd think you ever wore a sword?
At first, you all great things could say,
And form a league with loud huzza;
For Ilion's walls resolve to steer,
And gifts and sacrifice prepare.
Now, all I find was but a joke,
Your valour's vanish'd into smoke:
But, precious time by talk is spent,
To pull down Troy is our intent;
Which we will do without delay,
If you, Atrides, lead the way.
Whoever here is not content,
Pray let 'em all be homeward sent:
Their help we value not three farthings:
Cowards make special good churchwar-
dens;
Then let them to their parish go,
And serve their town in noise and shew.
No weapon should they touch but needles,
Or staves for constables and beadles:

Such

Such posts as these will suit men right,
 That eat much keener than they fight;
 Therefore, whoever dare not stay,
 I'd have directly sneak away;
 They'll sorry be, and fit to hang,
 To hear how we the Trojans bang:
 Then will they wish, and wish again;
 But wishing won't wipe out the stain.
 Shew me the man that dare invite
 The poorest Grecian slave to flight:
 Who e'er appears the first to fly,
 The death he fears shall surely die.
 And thou, O king! my counsel take,
 'Mongst others given for thy sake;
 Let us not fight like giddy rabble,
 Who mind no rules, because not able:
 Nor can a mighty crowd oppose
 A little band of men well chose;
 For troops to discipline inur'd,
 Are from rude multitudes secur'd.
 Let me advise that every nation,
 Should be assign'd its proper station;
And

138 THE SECOND BOOK OF

And not be mixt, but each be sent
 To fight in his own regiment :
 Let their own native chiefs command,
 And manage each his proper band.
 The leaders then can quickly ken,
 Who fight like women, who like men ;
 Who fight, as if inspir'd by Mars,
 Or who, like Dutchmen, hang an a—se :
 Can punish every sneaking knave,
 And liberally reward the brave ;
 Then shall we understand, no doubt,
 Why Troy so long has held it out ;
 Shall find, if gods or man's assistance,
 Has help'd 'em to this stout resistance.

Atrides gave him this for answer ;
 I plainly see, thy nob, old grandfire,
 Is wiser far than other noddles,
 To thee we are but empty bottles.
 If Jove would give us at this time,
 But half a score such pates as thine,

Split

Split me, we should have brains enough,
 To pillage Troy of all its stuff:
 But Jove, or by design, or chance,
 Has led us all a pretty dance.
 He hates us sure, or would prevent
 Quarrels in every regiment.
 As for Achilles, I abus'd him,
 Kidnap'd his girl, and vilely us'd him;
 But hope (unless I am beguil'd)
 E're long we shall be reconcil'd:
 And then, my boys, you'll see how soon
 This whore's nest Troy will tumble down.
 But now 'tis time that every sinner,
 Should look out sharp to find a dinner;
 And then we'll fight while fighting's
 good,
 And drench our sole-less shoes in blood.
 Fit then your shields upon your wrists,
 And grasp your jav'lins in your fists:
 Your mettl'd horses bring all out,
 And chariots too for this tough bout.

Like

140 THE SECOND BOOK OF

Like hungry wolves and bears we'll
fight,

'Till the long day gives place to night.

Who dares his coward head to flinch,

The thousandth part of half an inch;

Or should his precious time let slip,

Or hide himself within his ship:

To die, unworthy by the sword,

By Carrion crows shall be devour'd.

Soon as he spoke, both front and rear,

Began to look confounded queer.

But late they thought their wives to kiss,

And now they must foregoe that bliss:

So forc'd at Ilion's walls to stay,

Each grumbling whoreson sneak'd away.

Now fires were kindled out of hand,

And beasts were slaughter'd on the
strand:

The victuals for their selves they took,

But wisely fed their gods with smoke:

For men it would be choaking stuff;

But for their gods did well enough.

But

This they call sacrifice, and pray,
 They may escape this fearful day.
 A steer of five years old being slain,
 Was at Jove's altar to remain.
 They bade the bravest men of war
 Come, and partake of this good cheer :
 Ask'd Nestor first, 'cause he was old ;
 Idomen—and Tydydes bold ;
 Ajax the less, and Ajax great ;
 With wise Ulysses, took their seat :
 Brave Menelaus too was there ;
 Tho' never ask'd, he got his share.
 Now each man draws his pudd^l_{ng}^k nife,
 And eat as tho' he eat for life.
 But first, Atrides said a grace,
 Holding his hat before his face :
 And then to thund'ring Jove he pray'd ;
 A wicked prayer, and ill it sped.
 " O Jupiter ! thou great protector,
 Grant I may swinge the valiant Hector,
 Without the help (if so thy will is)
 Of that same bullying scrub Achilles."

But

142 THE SECOND BOOK OF

But Jove, at that time, you'll believe,
Was only laughing in his sleeve;
Nor would he let the foolish elf
Kill one much braver than himself:
He therefore kick'd the silly prayer,
As boys kick footballs in the air:
And now, to shew they scorn all thiev-
ing,

They serve Jove first, then take his leav-
ing:

Upon his altar burnt a piece,
And up his nose sent smoke and grease:
The god they were resolv'd to please,
Or smoke him till they made him sneeze:
For he would think them very hollow,
To keep him sharper than Apollo;
Therefore, burn more, and more, they
cry'd,

Until he owns he's satisfy'd.

When all had stuff'd their bellies tight,
To Agamemnon spake th' old knight.

Bid

Bid trumpets sound, and hautboys play,
 And let the troops all march this day;
 Let muster-master see all's right,
 Then lead us on, and we will fight.
 The monarch issu'd his commands;
 They muster'd all their trusty bands;
 Each knew his right and left-hand man,
 And eke his officer could scan.
 As Nestor counsel'd, so they went,
 To their own ragged regiment.
 Along their ranks Minerva moves;
 For soldiers in her heart she loves.
 Her arm sustain'd a swinging shield,
 Which flash'd like light'ning round the
 field;
 On which there hung an ugly head,
 So grim, 'twould strike the train'd bands-
 dead:
 With this and other little helps,
 She cheers the poor faint-hearted whelps.
 For wives they now nor long nor sigh,
 Resolv'd to conquer, or to die.

As

144 THE SECOND BOOK OF

As when a bonfire with a noise,
Is kindled by the parish boys ;
It catches first the straw, then rushes,
And seizes on the dry furze bushes ;
Which causes such a dev'lish glaring,
That half the fools i'th' town stand staring.

Just so the Grecians polish'd shields,
Darted a glaring round the fields.
For noise and order to the fight,
They look'd like wild geese in their
flight,
Who, as they light upon the ground,
With gabbling make the air resound.

Thus num'rous, and confus'd they
seem,
Before they reach'd Scamander's stream ;
And, as they hasten'd to the shore,
They made the very welkin roar.
Thick as the flowers adorn the land,
Upon the river's bank they stand ;

Or,

Or, thick as leaves upon the trees,
 Before they feel th' autumnal breeze ;
 Or swarms of flies, that find a crop
 Of sugar in a grocer's shop :
 So throng'd the Grecian army stood,
 And swear they'll drink the Trojan's
 blood.

Each leader now his soldiers joins,
 And forms his proper depth of lines,
 As easily as men that keep
 On barren hills their flocks of sheep,
 Where, tho' they seem'd in wild disorder,
 Are presently reduc'd to order.
 Above his troops the king appears,
 And tops 'em all by th' head and ears ;
 He look'd, as thus they mov'd to battle,
 Like a great bull amongst the cattle.
 Old authors tell us, that his chest
 Resembled shaggy Neptune's breast.
 But that about the belt and arse,
 He seem'd the likest bully Mars :

146 THE THIRD BOOK, &c.

This day Jove order'd he should pass
To view, much better than he was ;
And that he might the Greeks surprise,
Lent him a light about his eyes.
As for these mighty congregations,
Compos'd of sundry different nations :
Their various names, I've many times,
Labour'd to jumble into rhimes ;
But could not do it, for my soul,
So leave them to the muster-roll.
If any critic chuse to pop
His head into my printer's shop,
He'll find a copy there, not spurious,
Left for th' inspection of the curious.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE THIRD BOOK OF
HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

NOW both the armies are prepar'd,
And low'ring stand upon their
guard;

When nimble Paris, by a fit
Of courage, or of frenzy bit,
Fierce sallies forth upon the plain;
The cuckold drives him back again:

L 2

Yet

Yet heart'n'd afterwards by Hector,
 Who read him a confounded lecture.
 This dancing, dressing, doughty knight,
 The cuckold challenges to fight ;
 Which Menelaus answers soon,
 And in the scuffle knocks him down ;
 And would most certainly have gelt him,
 'Cause Hellen had so often felt him ;
 But Venus, queen of love and beauty,
 Who thinks all whoring tricks a duty,
 To save her trusty Trojan came,
 And caught the letcher by that fame :
 Tho' he so fore had got the gripes,
 She might as well have handled tripes :
 Howe'er, she lugg'd him thro' the air,
 And sat him safe in his own chair ;
 Where in a corner of the closet,
 She had provided a sack posset :
 Then warms his bed to cure his belly,
 And hastes to fetch his lovely Nelly ;
 Who stripp'd at last, with much ado ;
 And then, 'tis thought, they buckled to.

The

HOMER'S ILIADS: 149

The goddess in the bed-cloaths tuck'd
her,
Where * twice five times the rascal —
her.

* The English reader will understand the meaning of the word true Trojan. Paris was call'd a true Trojan, because he commonly fought out all the fingers of both hands.

HOMER'S ILIADS.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THUS by their leader's care each
host,
Stood rank and file along the coast :
The Trojans tofs their caps, and shout,
And noise proclaims them very stout.
Like cranes, who in the winter fly,
With gabling order thro' the sky ;
To make upon the pigmies war,
Who 'scape not either death, or scar.
Not so the Greeks, they make no noise ;
But firm resolv'd, their spears they poise.

With

HOMER'S ILIADS. 151

With hasty feet, they march their ground,
Whilst clouds of dust their ranks fur-
round.

Thus when a mist on mountain head,
As thick as mustard round is spread;
Confus'd the shepherd cannot keep
His watch, nor know the goats from
sheep :

So of the Greeks, not one, I trow,
His backside from his face could know.
Now front to front they ready stand,
To fight, and only wait command,
When nimble Paris to the van,
Dress'd alamode de France, he ran :
A * coney-skin upon his coat,
Distinguish'd him a man of note.
His bow was o'er his shoulders slung ;
Upon his thigh his whyniard hung.

* Paris chose coney-skins to ornament his cloaths
with, rather than any other ; to shew he liked co-
neys above all things.

152 THE THIRD BOOK OF

A spear he pois'd in left and right,
 And dar'd the bravest Greek to fight:
 As thus he struts and makes a splutter,
 Like crow 'th' middle of a gutter,
 Him Menelaus soon espies,
 And joyful to himself he cries:
 Now, by fair Helen's scut, young fry,
 I shall be with you by and by;
 Then darted in a bloody rage,
 From his post-chariot to engage:
 So joys the lion when he spies,
 A shaggy goat, or deer his prize;
 Onward he drives his headlong way,
 Nor stops till he has seiz'd his prey.

Soon as the youth the cuckold saw,
 As guilt will ever feel an awe,
 He could not look him in the face,
 But scower'd away a good round pace;
 To peep behind him never ventur'd,
 Until the thickest ranks he enter'd;

As

HOMER'S ILIADS. 153

As when a swain from shady trees
 Shot forth, a deadly viper sees;
 He starts and stares, and looks aghast,
 But flies the danger with all haste:
 So this young beau the cuckold shuns,
 And 'mongst his friends the Trojans run.
 This valiant Hector could not bear,
 But thus upbraids him with a sneer.
 Ill-fated Paris! all a cheat!
 With women thou canst do a feat:
 With man you dare not break a spear,
 But can run devilish fast for fear:
 I wish, e're Nelly thou had'st seen,
 Thou'st broke thy neck, or gelded been;
 Better by half than thus to swagger,
 And then not dare to draw thy dagger.
 The Greeks will scoff, and well they may,
 To see thee play the fool this day.
 Thou look a soldier! thou be d——d!
 The Grecians cannot be so flam'd.
 When thy fine gallies Sparta saw;
 A glorious fight! a gallant shew!

Say

154 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Say, did'st thou, in thy first attack,
 Of charming Hellen, thus give back ?
 Joy to thy foes ; shame to thy race,
 Poor Priam's grief, and Troy's disgrace.
 Recover quick thy lost renown ;
 Defend the deed that thou hast done :
 Thou keep'st the wife of one, I see,
 That's better — braver far than thee.
 Take heed, Troy may awake at last,
 And make thee pay for what is past.
 Here Paris blush'd — a sign of grace ;
 Nor durst he look in Hector's face ;
 Then answers, brother, you say right ;
 But, who like you, can think and fight ;
 I know you're made of best of steel,
 And fight as if you could not feel :
 You have your gifts, and I have mine ;
 Where each may in his province shine :
 Kill you the men ; I charm the belles,
 And practise all love's magick spells.
 Don't you despise the lover's charms ;
 They're Venus' gifts, her powerful arms ;
 The

HOMER'S ILIADS. 155

The love, the smile, the pleasing air,
Contriv'd to please the beauteous fair,
Are blessings which the gods bestow,
Only to favourites below :
Yet, if it please thee, I will stand,
This cuckold's combat hand to hand :
His flaming weapon Paris scorns,
He only fears the cuckold's horns ;
For should these mighty antlers gore him,
Pray what physician can restore him :
Yet, let the armies form a ring,
And I will fight this Spartan king :
My pretty Nelly shall be set
For him that does the conquest get ;
Shall have the fair with all her money,
Her swelling breasts, and matchless c—y :
Then Troy and Greece in any weather,
May sit and drink their wines together.
This challenge pleas'd bold Hector's
heart ;
He stopp'd the Trojans with his dart.

Next

156 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Next to the foe with regal race,
Advanc'd to let them know the case.

The Greeks, like coward sons of
whores,
Threw bricks and cobble-stones in
show'rs.

Atrides soon the tumult spies :
Give o'er, ye silly dogs, he cries ;
'Tis Hector comes, if I am right,
To ask a parley, not to fight.
I know him by his manly chest ;
I know his helmet and his crest,
Adorn'd with plumes the very best. }
Some weighty speech he has to say,
Then cease and hear him while you may.

At this rebuke they threw no more ;
The tumult ceas'd ; the fight was o'er :
His eyes the valiant hero roll'd,
And loudly thus his errand told :

Hear

Hear all ye warriors great in war ;
 Paris demands you, now forbear
 All future strife ; your swords lay down,
 And stick your lances on the lawn :
 Let Troy and Greece but form a ring,
 And he will fight this Spartan king.
 The charming Hellen shall be set,
 For him that shall the conquest get ;
 Shall have the fair with all her money,
 Her charming breasts, and matchless
 c—y :

Then Troy and Greece, in any weather,
 May drink a pot of ale together.

He spoke ; and for six minutes good,
 In deep suspense both armies stood :
 When thus the cuckold ; I declare,
 Bold Hector offers very fair.
 I know, my lads, you fight for me,
 And in my quarrel cross the sea.

I thank

158 THE THIRD BOOK of

I thank you, friends, for what you've
done ;

But now the fight is all my own.
Who falls, it matters not a fig,
If one survives to dance a jig,
Upon the polish'd iv'ry belly,
Of that bewitching female Nelly :
So Trojans bring, (it is our right)
Two lambs, one black, the other white ;
Black for the earth, white for the sun,
And then your part of th' rites is done :
A third we'll sacrifice to Jove,
And finish all with feasts of love :
But let King Priam's presence grace
The truce, we reverence his old face :
His sons are giddy-brain'd, and gay ;
We can't depend on what they say :
Old age is cautious and discerning ;
See what's to come by past takes warn-
ing.

Both parties hear, and hope at last,
Peace is restor'd, and discord past.

They

They staid not to be bidden twice,
 But stripp'd their armour in a trice :
 Their shining arms the circle round,
 As quick as thought threw on the ground.

Two trumpets Hector sent to town,
 To bring his ancient father down :
 Talthibius, with nimble feet,
 Ran a full gallop to the fleet ;
 Left Troy should think they meant to
 flam,

He ran to fetch for Jove the lamb :
 I'th' int'rim, fond of mischief telling,
 The rainbow goddess flies to Hellen ;
 (Most modern farts, I ever knew,
 When set on fire, burn only blue,
 Or simple red ; but when behind,
 The nimble goddess lets out wind,
 It leaves a track along the skies,
 Compos'd of fifty different dyes.)

She

160 THE THIRD BOOK OF

She seem'd in form Antenor's daughter,
That Hellen might not know she fought
her.

The housewife at her task she found,
With all her handmaids seated round :
For, as she work'd in Priam's hall,
She chose to have 'em within call ;
Where like a brazen, sawcy jade,
She wrought her tale in light and shade.
How gallant Troy and Greece so stout,
For her tu quoque fought it out,
And wove the story in her loom ;
Of horns, her former husband's doom ;
Adding, to keep her in employ,
The fatal nine years siege of Troy :
The necessary names wrote under,
Left lookers on should make a blunder ;
Left they should make a wrong conjecture,

This is brisk Paris—that is Hector :
This is Ulysses — this that beast
Thersites — so of all the rest.

To

HOMER'S ILIADS. 161

To whom thus Iris, Hellen come,
See what the armies both have done;
Their arms thrown down; their spears
they prick

Fast in the ground, and there they stick:
They fight no more, but leave that chance,
To Sparta's and to Paris' lance.

These happy rogues appear in front,
To fight for your bewitching ***;
And which soever of 'em win it,
Will not be long before he's in it.

This said, fair Hellen tumbles o'er
Her mind, the things that past before;
Her husband, parents, country too,
All rose immediate to her view.
She leaves her web with silent pace,
Tears trickling down her beauteous face:
Two favourite maids upon her wait,
And guard her to the Scean gate:
There ancient nobles, grave and try'd;
With Priam sat on either side;

M

I think

162 THE THIRD BOOK OF

I think they were in number seven,
It matters not, or odd or even.

The name of each I would rehearse,
But it runs devilish rough in verse.

Like grasshoppers they sat i'th' sun,
Telling strange tales of ancient fun ;

And with a feeble hollow voice,
Repeated o'er their former joys :

When Hellen came, they shook their
wings ;

What could they more, they had no
stings ?

No wonder, faith, they cry, such charms,
Should set the gazing world in arms ;
Cheap is the wound got in defence
Of such a dazzling excellence.

But since 'tis o'er with us, we'll e'en
Send back this dang'rous Spartan queen.
If she stays here, Troy tumbles down ;
But pack her off, we save the town.

Whilst

HOMER'S ILIADS. 163

Whilst thus fair Hellen's praise they
squeak,

The Trojan king began to speak :
Come hither, child, I take a pride,
To have thee grace thy father's side.
Behold, your friends, my dearest honey,
And take a view of your old cronie :
'Tis not your fault ; you're not the cause
Of half the Trojans griefs and woes.
The gods attack our royal town,
And seem resolv'd to pull it down :
But tell us, who's that swinging fellow,
That struts so fierce ; he's drest in yellow ;
How tall ! and how genteel ! odzooks,
A soldier every inch he looks.

Hellen replies, my dearest father,
Silence I would have kept much rather,
Than speak at all ; would I had dy'd,
Before I was young Paris' bride ;
E'er I was false to my good man,
And from my dear relations ran :

M 2

My

My little daughter cries and pets,
 And for her absent mother frets.
 I'm full of grief, but this may do,
 To raise my drooping spirits now;
 She then a flasket did produce,
 Of brandy mix'd with lemon juice;
 A liquor, which a modern scrub,
 Would christen by the name of shrub;
 But by the Trojan dames so frisky,
 'Twas swallow'd by the name of whiskey.
 After six gulps, this artful jade,
 Thus to the good old monarch said;
 He whom to know my sov'reign seeks,
 Is the great gen'ral of the Greeks:
 His fame is known both near and far;
 Renown'd in peace, as well as war:
 My brother he was call'd, before
 For Paris' sake I turn'd a whore,
 To call him so I'm now asham'd,
 I even blush to hear him nam'd.

HOMER'S ILIADS. 165

Is that Atrides? quoth the king;
To me he seems the very thing:
I'm told he is, or grave, or mellow,
In peace or war a clever fellow.
Amongst the Phrygians I have been,
But ne'er a tighter fellow seen.
When Otreus fill'd the regal throne,
And Migdon led their forces on,
I and my Trojans join'd the fight,
And put the Amazons to flight;
Yet far superior in my view,
Are those that stand before us now.
But tell me, Hellen, if you can,
Who's that broad-breasted little man;
His shoulders large, and widely spread:
But not so tall as th' last by th' head;
He is no sergeant, I've a notion,
Yet like a sergeant is his motion:
He seems to take the greatest share
Of toil, and orders all with care.

M 3

Hellen

166 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Hellen replies, my judgment misses,
 If he you speak of ben't Ulysses.
 Now, that I take a better view,
 'Tis he himself, I spy him now :
 Let him be standing still, or running,
 You'll hardly find his match for cunning ;
 He knows a thousand slipp'ry tricks,
 But shines the most in politicks.
 Tho' from a barren isle he came,
 The world's too little for his fame:
 And, had he not been born a prince,
 He'd been a minister long since.

Antenor told the king, he knew
 What Hellen said was very true.
 When Atrius son and he came over,
 This beauteous female to recover,
 Men of great worth they seem'd to be,
 I therefore let 'em lodge with me :
 I knew them both before that day,
 And knew they could their reck'ning pay.
 When-

Whene'er we chatted o'er our bowls,
 I mark'd their persons and their souls ;
 Atrides standing, look'd the best,
 That posture, youth and bloom express'd,
 Seated, Ulysses reverence drew :
 On beach he gave the clearest view.
 Atrides was no man of talk ;
 But 'twas to th' purpose when he spoke.
 But when Ulysses deign'd to rise,
 Upon the ground he fix'd his eyes ;
 Look'd like a fool, but yet his sense,
 Commanded streams of eloquence :
 He could, with oily words, I tell ye,
 Make your heart jump within your belly :
 His accent, from the flowers and trees,
 Would call the very birds and bees.

Then Priam thus : amidst the throng,
 I spy a man exceeding strong ;
 With shoulders spread, and swelling chest,
 He's got a giant's back and breast :

168 THE THIRD BOOK OF

A man so strong you'd seldom see ;
 My lovely girl, who can it be ?
 Ajax, replies fair Leda's daughter,
 Is he who now you're enquiring after.
 Of him the Grecians well may boast ;
 This man alone can stop an host.
 The next that looks this way to see us,
 Is the far fam'd Idomeneus.
 With my good man he once took quar-
 ter,
 And look'd so trim, my mouth did water.
 The rest I know, and all could name ;
 They're hearts of oak, and men of fame.
 Castor and Pollux on the plain
 I've fought, and fought, but all in vain :
 We're near a-kin to one another,
 Born of and suckled by one mother.
 Perhaps the colonels fight no more,
 At least they fight not for a whore.
 Poor Hellen dreamt not on her bed,
 Her brothers were as herrings dead :

That

HOMER'S ILIADS. 169

That they had each a marble tomb,
And slept secure from beat of drum.

The heralds now with prudent care,
The destin'd sacrifice prepare:
But first in order form the ring,
And thus they call the Trojan king:
Arise, O king, come down with speed,
And lend a hand in time of need;
To seal the truce; for there's no troth,
Unless you come and take the oath.
Your son and famous Menelau
For Nell agree to pull a crow:
And he that makes his rival yield,
Or kills him dead upon the field,
Must unmolested have the pleasure,
T' enjoy the fair with all her treasure;
That we may cease this curst fatigue,
And join in everlasting league;
Trojans may plough their lands, and
Greece
Return, and kiss their wives in peace.
The

170 THE THIRD BOOK OF

The king, tho' sorry, gave command,
To bring his chariot out of hand.

Antenor mounted by his side,
And through the Scean gate they ride :
Then 'lighting, they proceed among
The very thickest of the throng ;
When wise Ulysses, as 'twas meet,
And Agamemnon left their seat.

The wine now mix'd, the heralds bring,
And wash the hands of ev'ry king.

Whilst thus to cleanse themselves they
labour,

The Grecian gen'ral draws his sabre.
And cutting from the beasts some hair, }
The heralds gave each prince a share, }
To shew that all things should be fair. }

Then with a thund'ring voice, that made
A devilish noise, to Jove they pray'd :

O Jupiter ! who every Friday,
Art worshipp'd on a mount call'd Ida :

O Phœbus ! and thou mother Earth !

That gives to thieves and lawyers birth :

O de-

HOMER'S I LIADS. 171

O demons ! and infernal furies !
Whose counfels aid Westminster juries :
Thou discord-making fiend that trudges,
The six months circuits with the judges :
And thou, the hellish imp, that brings
Sulphur to punish perjur'd kings,
Be witnesses to what we say,
If Paris Menelaus slay,
Let him keep Nell, much good may't do
him,
And make her true and faithful to him ;
Whilst we poor devils will depart,
And trudge it home with all our heart :
But if, by Menelaus' might,
Paris be worsted in the fight,
They shall again restore his Nelly,
With all belongs her back and belly :
A forfeit too consent to pay,
For stealing of the girl away ;
And Paris cannot think it much,
To pay a piece for every touch.

If

172 THE THIRD BOOK OF

If they refuse again, we'll fight,
And force the rogues to do us right.
With that, the victims by the crown
He seiz'd, and instant knock'd them
down :

They struggl'd hard to keep their breath,
But yielded to the stroke of death.
Of mingled wine they drank one round,
And pour'd the rest upon the ground.
Then only add another prayer,
Because they ha'nt much time to spare.
Hear Jove, and all ye gods on high,
Whose vicars say you hate a lye,
(Tho' amongst them for lies and swearing,
There's scarce a barrel better herring)
Whoe'er to break this league combine,
Pour out their blood like this red wine ;
And may their wives such harlots be,
That all the parish can't serve three.
Thus both the armies join'd in prayer,
Which Jove refus'd, and kick'd in air.

Now

Now when these holy rites were done,
 Old Priam hast'ned to be gone.
 Too much, quoth he, for my great age,
 To see my darling son engage:
 But Jove knows best, who rules us all,
 What prince shall live, or who shall fall.
 To stay within yon walls I chuse,
 And be the last to hear bad news;
 Then instantly his car ascended,
 Antenor by his side attended:
 But first, and rightly did he judge it,
 He stuf't the victims in his budget.

Ulysses then, and Hector stout,
 The limits of the fight mark'd out:
 Which hero first should throw his lance,
 They both agreed to put to chance.
 The people pray on bended knees,
 And mutter out such words as these:
 O Jupiter! who hast by odds,
 The greatest head of all the gods,
 Let not the author of this strife
 Depart, and carry back his life:

But

174 THE THIRD BOOK OF

But may he be demolish'd quick,
And sent full gallop to Old Nick :
Such rogues once hang'd, all wars would
cease,
And soldiers eat their bread in peace.

Hector a brazen helmet takes,
In which the doubtful lot he shakes,
Then turns his head without deceit,
To shew them that he scorn'd to cheat :
Shakes well the lots ; out pops the cast
For Paris, who now arms in haste.
He fasten'd on his boots with straps,
To keep his tender shins from raps :
To guard his am'rous heart he plac'd,
His shining corset o'er his breast,
His trusty sword a cross his breech
Was hung, to be within his reach.
A horse's tail, just like a mop,
He stuck upon his helmet's top.
Thus arm'd compleat, he struts about ;
Seem'd mighty big, and wond'rous stout ;
And

HOMER'S ILIADS. 175

And Menelaus, you might see,
 Appear'd as big and fierce as he :
 Ready for fight, they both look'd sour,
 And ey'd each other o'er and o'er.
 Paris puts on a warlike phiz,
 And from his hand his lance goes whiz ;
 Which lent Atrides' shield a thump,
 And then upon the ground fell plump.
 His spear, with aim both good and true,
 The cuckold then at Paris threw :
 But e'er he spent his ammunition,
 To Jove preferr'd his last petition.
 May't please my good design to help,
 And let me kill this lech'rous whelp ;
 That men may cease to do amiss,
 And not in other^s fish ponds fish.
 Thus having eas'd his mind by prayer,
 Whiz goes his jav'lin thro' the air :
 With such a vengeance did he force it,
 It drove its way thro' Paris' corslet,
 And tore his doublet and his shirt ;
 Yet for all that 'twas but a flirt ;

The

176 THE THIRD BOOK OF

The wary Trojan bending low,
Most sily disappoints the blow.
Some think he dawb'd his breeks that hit,
I think he had none to beshit.
Tho' Troy abounded much in riches,
Yet none of them wore any breeches.

The Grecian follow'd his good luck,
And ran upon him with drawn tuck;
Laying about him at such rate,
As if he meant to break his pate:
But as his glitt'ring helm he rapt,
His trusty sword in pieces snapp'd;
Vex'd to the guts he lifts his eyes,
And mutt'ring to himself he cries,
This rascal's jacket I had dusted,
If Jupiter could have been trusted:
But honest men he keeps at distance,
And lends to whores and rogues assist-
ance.

Just when I had secur'd my prize,
My lousy blade in pieces flies:

He

HOMER'S ILIADS. 177

He said, and catching at his crown,
 He very nigh had pull'd him down;
 The more he pull'd, the more he hung
 An a—e, and would not move along:
 Still he hawl'd on with many a jerk,
 And certainly had done his work.

A curious inlaid golden strap
 Fast'ned his helmet round his chap;
 Which, sure as gun, had stopp'd his wea-
 son,

Had not Love's goddess come in season:
 She came, and without more ado,
 Th' embroider'd stayband snipp'd in two:
 Off comes his helm of curious fashion.
 Atrides, in a hellish passion,
 Whirls it amidst the Grecian files,
 Who view the polish'd casque with smiles.
 He then with all his might and main,
 Let drive at Paris once again:
 But as he aim'd the fatal stroke,
 The goddess wrapp'd him up in smoke;

N

From

178 THE THIRD BOOK OF

From thence, with gentle touch, she led
The younker home, and warm'd his bed.
To take away perfumes not good,
She burnt perfumes of spicy wood.

No sooner was he seated well in
His chamber, but she look'd for Hellen.
Reclin'd amongst the fair she found her;
A charming circle standing round her.
Quickly a Jersey spinster's shape
She borrows; for she well could ape:
With cautious steps, approaching near,
She whispers softly in her ear;
My dearest jewel, Paris wants
To wander in the usual haunts:
Extended on the bed he lies,
And longs to feel your polish'd thighs.
Both safe and sound, the am'rous boy,
Prepares the wonted scene of joy.

Hellen began to kick and huff,
And at the beldam's words took snuff.

But

HOMER'S ILIAD S. 179

But as she star'd her thro' and thro',
Her old acquaintance soon she knew,
By her fine alabaster bubbies,
Her eyes of jet, and lips of rubies.
The fright made all her teeth to chatter,
And, faith, she scarce could hold her
water :

But soon a little courage took,
And to the goddess's silence broke.
(The reader in her speech will find,
That woman-like she spoke her mind)
Could I believe, that Venus wou'd
So meanly act, so like a bawd?
Don't think that I can ever truckle
So low, as with a coward buckle :
Now he is worsted in the fight,
I am become another's right :
I know your drift ; it sha'nt take place ;
To send me homeward with disgrace,
And make my husband quite uncivil :
You a fine goddess ! you a devil !

180 THE THIRD BOOK OF

If Paris cannot live without
 A tit bit, you yourself may do't;
 Be you his loving wench or wife,
 I'll go no more upon my life;
 To me it will afford no sport,
 I am not in a humour for't;
 The head-ach pains me so just now,
 I scarce know what I say or do.
 But I'll no longer bear the blame
 Of every sawcy Trojan dame,
 Who cry she's very handsome, sure,
 'Tis pity she should be a whore.

Hey day! quoth Venus, what's all
 this,
 On nettles sure you've been to pifs;
 You will not, that, or t'other do.
 Pray, who will first have cause to rue?
 If I forsake thee, every grace
 Will leave thy person, and thy face;

Trojans

HOMER'S ILIADS. 181

Trojans won't give a fig to see,
What once they view'd with so much
glee;
Nor will the wildest rake in town
Value thy tuz at half a crown.

To all disputes this put an end;
The fair made ready to attend;
The loss of beauty rais'd such fears,
She hardly could refrain from tears.
Away the goddess tript with Hellen,
And soon arriv'd at Paris' dwelling.
The maids about like light'ning flew,
For they had fifty things to do:
But Nell and Venus mount up stairs;
They had to mind their own affairs.
Soon as they reach'd the chamber door,
The goddess tript it in before;
And, squatting down just by the fire,
Made Hellen in a chair sit by her;
All o'er she look'd so very charming,
That Paris found his liver warming;

182 THE THIRD BOOK OF

And to himself, he felt as if
 His middle parts were growing stiff:
 Tho' from what cause we are not told,
 Or too much heat, or too much cold.
 He begg'd, howe'er, the lovely Hellen,
 Would come and try to cure the swelling.
 But with averted eyes she fell
 Upon the harmless prince pell-mell.
 "Thou filthy varlet, lost to shame,
 And dar'st thou yet survive thy fame?
 How often have I heard thy brags,
 Thou'd Menelaus beat to rags;
 Go challenge him once more, and try
 Your strength — but what a fool am I,
 A stripling thou, a soldier he;
 At single gulp he'd swallow thee:
 No more then venture in the fray;
 But since thou'rt out of danger, stay."

Paris replies, my dear, ha' done,
 Who can recall the setting sun?

Tho'

HOMER'S ILIADS. 183

Tho' Menelau a conquest made,
You know it was by Pallas' aid;
The next bout I may luckier be,
And then I'll drub his hide, you'll see;
But haste, my charmer, let's employ
Our moments in th' affair of joy;
I ne'er before felt such a feel,
Something alive stirs like an eel.
I now have far more appetite,
Than when with you that merry night,
In Cranac's isle I fought love's fight. }

This speech no sooner had he made,
But up he jump'd upon the bed;
Where Nelly follow'd, and as wont,
He quickly caught her by the **** :
By that same spot he never caught her,
But it in special temper brought her.

Whilst thus the am'rous pair engage,
The cuckold still was in a rage :

184 THE THIRD BOOK OF

He, like a lion, rang'd about,
 To try to find the younker out ;
 And ranfack'd all the troops of Troy,
 In hopes the varlet to destroy
 (Nor would the Trojans, not to wrong
 'em,
 Have screen'd him had he been among
 'em)
 But could not find him far or near,
 Nor any news about him hear.

Then Agamemnon from the rest
 Arose, and thus himself express'd :
 Ye Dardans and ye Trojans trusty,
 Whose swords we keep from being rusty ;
 You plainly see, the heavenly powers,
 Determine that the day is our's ;
 For Menelaus sure has beat him,
 And may, for aught we know, have eat
 him ;
 As not a man in all this round,
 But owns he's no where to be found :

If

HOMER'S ILIADS. 185

If therefore Hellen you'll restore,
We'll take her, be she wife or whore :
With all the wealth she brought from
Greece,

Adding, for every touch, a piece :
A fine so just, if Ilion pay,
We'll pack our awls, and trudge away ;
Leaving this curst unlucky shore,
And swear to trouble you no more.

With mighty shouts each Grecian na-
tion,
Applaud the gen'ral's fine oration ;
And knowing what he said was right ,
They swore the Trojans should stand by't.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK OF
HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

WITH solemn phiz the gods debate,
And about Troy deliberate :
In war again, at last resolve,
The Greeks and Trojans to involve ;
When Pand'rus, by Minerva taught,
Let's drive at Menelaus' throat ;
And whilst the wound Machaon dresses,
The general receives expresses,

That

HOMER'S ILIADS. 187

That all the Trojans were advancing;
The foot all rang'd, the horses prancing.
Atrides now is understood,
To be a general, right good;
Reviews his troops, and kicks and cuffs;
Some captains praises, others huffs.
Trojans and Greeks now join in battle,
And swords and shields, and helmets
rattle.

HOMER'S ILIADS.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE porter open'd heaven's gate,
Enthron'd the gods in council sat,
Bright Hebe, gay immortal lass,
With sparkling nectar fill'd each glass;
The friendly bumpers round they tip,
And talk of Troy at ev'ry sip:
When thus for fun, unlucky Jove,
Provok'd his ox-ey'd scolding love;
Two heroines of heaven's blood,|
Assist the Greeks, if not, they should;
But perch'd above, like daws they sit,
Nor they, to aid the war, think fit:

But

But suff'ring Greece to go to ruin,
 Content themselves with mischief brewing;
 Whilst grateful Venus in the throng,
 To help her letcher scowers along;
 With nimble bum, or nimbler wrist,
 She guides his weapon where she list;
 Nay more, a touch of her soft hand,
 If fallen down, will make him stand.

But now, ye powers, since we've be-
 gun,
 'Tis time to fix what must be done.
 The book of fate then let us scan,
 And view what is ordain'd for man;
 That we about them may determine,
 To kill, or keep alive the vermin:
 Say then, shall smiling peace ensue,
 Or dreadful war, with face of rue?
 If now your godships think, that Nelly
 Shall go and warm her husband's belly;
 And Paris pay for doing work,
 Would glad the heart of Jew or Turk?
 Why

190 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Why then the city may stand firm,
A thousand years, or any term ;
May back recall its old renown,
And once more be a thriving town.

Whilst thus he preach'd, his angry
queen,

With Pallas whispering was seen ;
And as they jabber'd pate to pate,
Against poor Troy express'd their hate ;
The warrior virgin, tho' in wrath,
Yet holds her peace, and nothing saith ;
Nor would, had Jove preach'd e'er so
long,

For heavenly wisdom rul'd her tongue :
She prudent acts, not so Jove's wife,
Whose joy consists in noise and strife,
Begun ; don't think your dunder-pate,
Shall use your queen at such a rate :
On whoring Troy I've made just war ;
Have rouz'd my Grecians near and far ;
My

HOMER'S ILIADS. 191

My post-chaise rattled many a mile,
 My peacocks sweating all the while;
 And all to bring destruction on,
 This perjur'd lying * whoring town;
 But spouse my cares and toils derides,
 Because they're rogues, he's on their sides,
 To punish racaplets refuses,
 And thus his loving wife abuses;
 Tho' if the gods will take my part;
 For Jove I shall not care a f—t.

At this same speech you cannot wonder,

The thunder driver look'd like thunder;
 He wav'd his locks, and fit to choak
 With rage, he to his vixen spoke.

* *Whoring.* You see Juno keeps continually harping on that word: we judge from thence, she came in for small share of the labours of these whoring Trojans; but Venus did. There was one Anchises, a twice five-finger'd Trojan, that (as old stories say) us'd to thrum her jacket, Æneas was the produce of their leisure hours.

Why,

192 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Why, how now huffy, whence this hate,
 To Priam, and the Trojan state?
 Can wretched mortals thee perplex,
 And an immortal being vex?
 That thou should'st make such wretched
 pother,
 And Troy's whole race desire to smother;
 Then level out of female spite,
 Their spires, with weather-cocks so bright;
 And all because that rogue on Ida,
 Thought your affair a span too wide a.
 Pray how can I the varlet blame,
 Who fifty times have thought the * same.
 But haste away, I give thy will,
 Free leave its projects to fulfill;
 Burn the whole town; blow up the walls;
 Destroy its palaces and halls;

* *The same.* Here Juno overlooks a very severe
 rub of Jupiter's; because he directly gives her
 leave to satiate her revenge; had it not been for
 that, it is thought he would hardly have escaped
 without a scratch'd face at least, or perhaps the
 loss of an eye.

Butcher

HOMER'S ILIADS. 193

Butcher th' old king, to mend the matter ;

With his son's blood the stones bespatter ;
And with his goods and chattels glut,
The fury of thy greedy gut.

Peace then, perhaps, I may enjoy,
When there shall be no more of Troy :
But, should I take into my head,
To strike thy guilty scoundrels dead,
I would not have thee think, that thou
Shalt stay my wrath : remember how,
Troy tumbled from its airy height,
Give way, or feel my dreadful weight.
I tell thee, Juno, of all nations,
That keep on earth their different stations ;

Or born of men, or sprung from gods,
I value Troy the most, by odds :
No mortals claim so much my favour,
As Priam's race, for good behaviour :
Their altars smoke ; they pay their vows,
And plenty kill of bulls and cows ;

O

Nor

Nor do they ever grudge the least,
 To lend their daughters to the priest :
 From hence it cannot be deny'd,
 But true religion is their guide.

Juno, like puppet rolls her eyes,
 And meditating, thus replies :
 'Three boroughs have I got in Greece,
 Most dearly lov'd in war or peace ;
 Mycenæ, Argos, aye, and Sparta ;
 Destroy * 'em, what care I a f—ta :
 From me you shall receive no blame ;
 'Tis fault enough my love they claim.
 Must Juno's rank be thus run down,
 A rank that's equal to thy own,
 Goddess, I am ; the same our race,
 And ought thy throne and bed to grace :

* *Destroy 'em, &c.* See the fury of an enraged woman : rather than Troy shall escape, how easily she gives up three dearly beloved towns : but it is to be hoped, there are few such women alive now-a-days.

HOMER'S ILIADS. 195

Be call'd, the wife of mighty Jove;
Do not deny this title, love:
Alternately, we'll masters be,
And gods obey our joint decree.
See trusty Pallas, sneaking stands,
And waits your worship's dread com-
mands:

Bid her but go; away she posts,
To rouse the Greek and Trojan hosts:
Tell her to use her utmost care;
Perfidious Troy begins the war;
Then if they fall, as fall they must,
They cannot call the gods unjust.
Of heaven and earth, the whoring king,
Swore, that his wife had hit the thing;
Then go, my Pallas, in the nick,
And serve these Phrygian whelps a trick;
Make 'em, like Frenchmen, treaties
break;

Away, and do not stay to speak.
Pleas'd, she darts downward in a trice,
As smooth as youngers slide on ice,

196 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Or, as a comet, piping hot,
 From out the higher regions shot ;
 Which frights old women from their wits ;
 Leaves some aghast, and some in fits :
 Gives wond'ring loons the belly-ach ;
 And makes the valiant foldier quake.
 With horrid phiz, it fall from high,
 And whisks its tail along the sky :
 Just so, appeared to the sight,
 Of both the hosts, this goddess bright :
 They guess'd, and paus'd, and guess'd
 again,

What this strange prodigy could mean :
 At last agreed, that angry Fate,
 Was big with something mighty great.
 'Twas war, or peace, or wind, or rain,
 Or scarcity next year of grain.
 Some cunning heads this reason hit,
 That B—te would soon make room for
 P—tt ;

Whilst others held, 'twould better suit,
 His M——y to stick by B—te.

Whilst

HOMER'S ILIADS. 197

Whilst thus they puzzled their dul^l
pates,

Minerva pass'd the outward gates ;
Laodocus's shape she bore ;
Antenor's arms, and coat, he wore.
Stretching himself upon the ground,
Lycaon's blund'ring son she found :
A choice strong officer he was,
For strength, he beat a modern ass :
His troops, from black Esopee came,
A place but little known to fame.
The arms his swarthy soldiers bear,
Are each a prong, a sword, and spear.
Pallas assumes a harmless look,
Whilst to the chief she wheedling spoke,
Like sow, beneath an apple-tree,
Listen, and take advice from me :
How glorious, could'st thou have the
luck,
To fix a dart in Sparta's pluck ;
If he, to see that day could live,
What treasure would not Paris give ?

198 THE THIRD BOOK OF

So great an action would be crown'd,
 With ten at least, or twenty pound :
 Don't miss the time; 'tis now or never,
 Thy fame must live, or die for ever :
 But first, to th' Lycian archer pay,
 (By most he's call'd the god of day)
 A ram ; this same unerring spark,
 Can guide thy arrow to its mark :
 'Tis highly necessary this,
 That thou, this grand attempt may'nt
 miss.

Like gunpowder, the stupid elf,
 Took fire, and up he blew himself :
 Then fitting to his bow the string,
 Resolv'd at once to do the thing :
 His trusty bow was made of horn,
 A mountain goat for years had worn,
 This goat by Pandarus was shot,
 And left upon the cliffs to rot :
 The horns, he plunder'd from his head,
 Full sixteen palms these antlets spread ;
 Which

HOMER'S ILIADS. 199

Which being smooth'd, with cost and
care,

Produc'd a bow, exceeding rare.

The workman form'd a curious joint,

And shining gold adorn'd each point.

This Pandarus, without being seen,

By any but his countrymen,

Bends strong ; and that he might be safe,

Took care to hide his better half,

Behind the potlids of his band ;

For those he always could command.

Before he aim'd, he bended low,

To fit the arrow to his bow ;

One from a hundred out he picks,

To send the cuckold over Styx.

(Sharp was the point of this same arrow,

Design'd to reach the Spartan's marrow)

Then vows, he'll to Apollo give

Honours, as long as he shall live.

Now hard he strains, with wond'rous
strength,

And draws the arrow all its length :

O 4

Whiz

200 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Whiz goes the weapon on the wing,
 And leaves a jar upon the string.
 Had then Atrides been forgot,
 He certainly had gone to pot :
 But Pallas, for his life afraid,
 In pudding-time came to his aid ;
 And turn'd aside the furious dart,
 That was intended for his heart,
 Into a more ignoble part. }
 So careful mothers, when they please,
 Their children guard from lice and fleas.
 The first emotion that he felt,
 Was a great thump upon his belt :
 For there the arrow, Pallas knew,
 Could only pierce a little through :
 It did so ; and the skin it rais'd ;
 The blood gush'd out, which so amaz'd }
 The cuckold, that he was half craz'd :
 He felt within himself strange twitches ;
 'Twas thought by most he spoilt his
 breeches.

As

As when you seek some curious thing,
 To grace the palfry of a king,
 Acarian, or Maonian maid,
 Who iv'ry-stainers are by trade ;
 Or any other trade for gain ;
 With red the iv'ry boss doth stain.
 The diff'ring colours, sure enough,
 Agree to set each other off.
 The glowing red adorns the white,
 Whose paleness makes the red more
 bright.

Just so Atrides' blood you'd spy,
 As it ran down his snowy thigh;
 Pass'd o'er the knee and leg to boot,
 His ankle stain'd, and reach'd his foot.
 Back starts the king of men, aghast,
 To see his blood run down so fast :
 Nor less the Spartan hero quak'd ;
 His heart as well as belly ach'd.
 When Agamemnon saw, the arrow
 Had not quite reach'd his brother's mar-
 row,

He

202 THE THIRD BOOK OF

He only sigh'd and heav'd his chest ;
 And thus his heavy grief express'd ;
 Whilst all the Grecians, far and near,
 Did nought but threaten, curse, and
 swear.

My dearest br°. for this did I
 Desire a truce, zounds ! I could cry ;
 It proves a fatal truce to thee ;
 Nay, fatal both to thee and me :
 Thou fought, till all the fray did cease ;
 Now to be slain, in time of peace,
 Is dev'lish hard — with rueful phiz,
 He added — By my soul, it is :
 Those scoundrel Trojans, all combine,
 In hopes to ruin thee and thine,
 They've stole thy goods, and kiss'd thy
 wife,

And now they want to take thy life.
 Perjur'd, the rascals are, I swear,
 And will be damn'd, you need not fear :
 Not thus we Grecians, when we make,
 To Jove our vows, when oaths we take,
 We're

We're strict and honest to our word,
 So should each man that wears a sword.
 What pity 'tis, that rogues so base,
 Should thus bamboozle Jove's own race:
 But let it be thy comfort, brother,
 And with it thy resentment smother,
 That Jove such roguery will punish,
 Already he begins to furnish:
 With red-hot bolts, his mutton fist,
 To singe and pepper whom he list:
 Be certain, when he once begins,
 He'll smoke these scoundrels for their sins;
 Make Priam's house of saucy peers,
 Come tumbling down about their ears.
 These roguish Trojans, Pallas knows,
 Will die for certain, in their shoes.
 For thee, my brother, who deserv'd
 Much better fate, than be so serv'd:
 I trust thou wilt not die so sudden,
 But still eat many a pound of pudding:
 Sore shall I moan, when thou art dead;
 For then my safest prop is fled:

De-

204 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Depriv'd of thee, thy men of might,
 Will run much faster than they'll fight.
 When once thy brave example's lost,
 They'll never face the Trojan host:
 Of conquest will they dream no more,
 But groan and grunt upon this shore.
 Shall Helen then, with Paris stay,
 Whilst thy poor bones consume away;
 And some sad dog, thy recent tomb,
 Lug out his ware, and piss upon;
 Adding, that all Atrides got,
 Was to come here to lay and rot.
 Before this scandal on me peep,
 May I be buried nine yards deep.

He spoke; and sighing rubs his eyes,
 When Menelaus thus replies:
 Your tears, my hero, prithee keep,
 Lest you should make our soldiers weep;
 'Tis, but at worst, a harmless scratch,
 I'll put upon't a lady's patch;

Or,

Or, if you think 'twill mend it faster,
 I'll send for Borton's sticking plaister :
 But if a surgeon's help is meet,
 Dispatch a messenger to th' fleet ;
 There is a man, who well can do,
 For scratches, burns, and poxes too.

The brother king, with gracious look,
 Once more resum'd the thread, and spoke ;
 May all the gods thy life defend,
 And all thy wounds and scratches mend.
 Talthibius fly, bid Machao
 Run faster than he e'er did go ;
 Let him await us in our tents,
 And bring his box of instruments ;
 My brother's wounded with a dart,
 For aught I know, in mortal part.
 With such a haste Ta'thibius run,
 He knock'd two common troopers down :
 Then search'd thro' every file and rank,
 And found the surgeon in the flank.

The

206 THE THIRD BOOK of

The king, Machaon, bids you come ;
 You must not walk, but you must run ;
 And, with your box of instruments,
 Attend the monarchs in their tents :
 Make speed, the best leg foremost put ;
 His brother's wounded in the gut. •
 The surgeon was a soldier good,
 And in his regimentals stood.
 Soon as he heard of this disaster,
 He ran, no surgeon could run faster :
 Away he hy'd with double speed,
 To help the king in time of need.
 (A double motive surgeons brings,
 When they attend the wounds of kings ;
 I only speak, as I have heard ;
 Besides their pay, they get preferr'd)
 Away puff'd Chiron on full drive,
 In hopes to see the king alive.
 He found him standing, firm as rock,
 Unmov'd, undaunted, at the shock.
 The chiefs around look'd mighty blue,
 And so I fancy, Sir, would you.

The

The dart he pluck'd away with speed,
 But pull'd it out, and left its head :
 His doublet quick he then uncas'd,
 And his nick-nackry bag unbrac'd ;
 When kneeling down upon the ground,
 Like Harry's queen, he suck'd the wound ;
 Then to the place, to give it ease,
 Apply'd a salve of pitch and grease.

But, whilst the surgeon was employ'd,
 The Grecians forely were annoy'd,
 By Trojan troops, that press'd to fight ;
 Resolv'd, just then, to try their might :
 Murm'ring they came, like swarms of
 bees,
 That feel th' enliv'ning summer's breeze.
 The king, durst hardly go or stay ;
 But yet he scorn'd to run away :
 Tho' peace might make his head appear
 A little thick, in war 'twas clear.

He

He, like a man, refus'd his coach,
 Lest it might raise the least reproach ;
 But fought on foot, like any Swiss,
 Nor durst he take up time to p—s :
 But cries, attend each mother's son,
 This battle must be lost, or won :
 Remember now your ancient glory,
 What broken heads there are in story,
 Related of your fathers stout ;
 And you yourselves are talk'd about :
 A Trojan fighting one of you,
 Has odds against him three to two ;
 The rascals rotten are as melons,
 And full of guilt as Newgate felons.
 We'll have 'em all in chains and cuffs,
 But till that time let's work their buffs.
 This speech was made for men of mettle,
 He next the cowards strives to settle.
 Shame to your race, to all your houses,
 The ridicule of carmen's spouses :
 Do you intend to stand and see,
 Your shipping flaming in the sea ?

Why

Why stand ye then dismay'd and quaking,
With limbs all trembling, hearts all
aching :

Perhaps you think it worth the while,
For Jove to fight, and save you toil :
But you will find, without a jest,
He safest stands, who fights the best :
This said, like Brentford's mighty king,
He march'd, and strutted round the ring.
Th' old Cretan gave him great content,
To see him head his regiment :
And to observe, how void of fear,
The bold Merion form'd the rear :
The sergeant majors in their places,
Advanc'd, with grim determin'd faces ;
The king, elated much with joy,
Clasp'd in his arms the fine old boy :
O Idomen ! what thanks we owe,
To men of such like mould as you :
Thy worth by far exceeds belief,
When Jove from war shall give relief ; }
Be thine the foremost cut o'th' beef ; }

P

And

210 THE FOURTH BOOK OF

And when the wine we freely pass,
Be thine the best and largest glass :
In arms thou'rt great as any man,
Nor yields to mighty Kouli Kan.

The Cretan had not learn'd to dance ;
Had ne'er from Dover skipp'd to France :
For, tho' 'tis plain he meant no evil,
You'll say his answer was not civil ;
There needs no words to raise my courage,
So save your wind to cool your porridge ;
I'll venture boldly, tho' to say,
I'll act what you command this day ;
Let but the trumpets sound to battle,
I'll make the Trojans doublets rattle.
The king was rather pleas'd than vex'd,
So travel'd onward to the next.
Ajax he found amidst his blues ;
Ajax, says he, my boy, what news ?
Now, this he said, because 'twas hard,
To have for all a speech prepar'd :

But

HOMER'S ILIADS. 211

But yet he gladly feasts his eyes,
 With his new mode of exercise ;
 He found 'twas Prussian every inch,
 Of mighty service at a pinch :
 He saw him close his files, then double ;
 (A trick, new learn'd, the foe to bubble)
 Next wheel'd to right and left about,
 And made 'em face both in and out ;
 Then turn upon the centre quick,
 As easy as a juggler's trick ;
 Whence soon they form'd into a square ;
 Then back again, just as they were.
 By this parade Atrides knew,
 That phalanx might be trusted to.
 Now, all this while his plotting head,
 Had con'd a speech ; and thus he said :
 To say I'm pleas'd, O gallant knight,
 Is barely doing what is right :
 Thy soldiers well may heroes be,
 When they such bright examples see.
 Would Jove but breathe into the rest,
 Such fire as burns within thy breast,

212 THE FOURTH BOOK OF

Trojans would helter-skelter run,
And Troy from high come tumbling
down.

The next he found was ancient Nestor,
Who spite of age, was still a jester :
For military art renown'd,
As Bland's his knowledge was profound ;
Besides, when he thought fit, could
speak

In any language — best in Greek.
The king espy'd his men in ranks,
And flew to give the vet'ran thanks :
Observ'd how just he plac'd his forces,
His footmen and his line of horses.
The * foot were wisely rang'd in front,
That they the first might bear the brunt.

* I imagine, the author has placed the troops as he thinks they should be, not as they were. The author knows the Grecians had no horses but what they used to their chariots : but, as he talks like an apothecary, he gives himself what liberty he pleases.

The

The horse along the flanks he drew,
 To keep 'em ready to pursue.
 The rear made up of mod'rate men,
 Half hearts of cock, half hearts of hen.
 The very riff-raff rogues they venture,
 To squeeze together in the centre.
 Thus fix'd, they kept a sharp look-out,
 And ready stood to buckle to't.
 Now, what a fine old Greek was he,
 A finer Grecian could not be,
 Who in so small a space could muster,
 And form his lines without a cluster.
 Then to each list'ning leering knave,
 A little sound advice he gave :
 If you in battle chance to fall,
 Don't stay to rise, for that spoils all ;
 To rise as some men do, I mean,
 A—se foremost, then your back is seen ;
 But rise directly bolt upright,
 Ready prepar'd to run, or fight.
 Our fathers by these rules became
 Immortal, you may do the same.

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Thus spoke the vet'ran Grecian chief,
And pleas'd the king beyond belief:
Who cry'd, 'tis curst hard that age,
Should drive such leaders off the stage;
Whilst other heroes live forgot,
Eternal youth should be thy lot.

When Nestor shook his hoary locks,
And thus replies; Age, with a pox!
Will come apace: could I, forsooth,
Recall the strength I had in youth,
When Ercuthalion I flew;
Be sure, I would that strength renew:
But dear experience can't be gotten,
'Till we're with tricks of youth half rotten:

The young are fittest for the field,
But to the old in council yield:
The fighting trade to you I leave;
Be mine some good advice to give.
With joy the king of monarchs heard,
This doughty knight o'th' grizzle beard.

He

He left him then, because he had
 No time to spare, things look'd but bad ;
 When, lo ! he found Menestheus
 In a most lamentable fufs.

His armour he could not explore,
 'Cause they were hid behind the door :
 Searching about his tent all round him,
 The gen'ral left him where he found him.

Next spy'd Ulyffes at his stand,
 Th' Old Buffs were under his command :
 Idle they lay at distance far,
 Nor knew a word about the war :
 Atrides saw them playing pranks,
 And all disorder'd in their ranks ;
 Which made him in a mighty passion.
 The poor Ulyffes falls flap-dash on ;
 I thought you knew your duty better,
 To fame in war were more a debtor,
 Than to be idle whilst the rest,
 For life as well as fame contest.

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In time of peace you're much respected,
And never at our feasts neglected,
I can't see any reason you,
Regardless of your charge should grow.

The sage Ulysses, with a blush,
Returns for answer, hush, hush, hush ;
If you speak loud, the Trojans hear ;
Not that we care, what need we fear ?
You see, O king, we harrafs'd are ;
Ten minutes fits us for the war :
Give you the word, and we'll advance,
To fight the foe with sword or lance.
In battle I perhaps may do,
What you, my chief, won't care to view.
Well said, Ulysses, cries the king,
(A little touch'd tho', with the sting,
Of his last words) I only fear'd,
To catch my warrior off his guard ;
But am rejoic'd to find thee steady,
For war or council always ready :

He

He said, and pass'd to Diomedé,
And caught him fast asleep in bed.
Zoons ! quoth the king, I thought, Ty-
dides,

The man in whom my greatest pride is,
Might absent been perhaps a whoring,
But little dreamt to catch him snoring;
Do'st thou not hear the Trojans rattle ?
Already they've begun the battle.
Not thus thy father — none could doubt
him,

He long e're this had laid about him ;
Had gi'n the Trojans such a drubbing,
As would have sav'd a twelve-month's
scrubbing ;

'Tis known he was a lad of wax,
Let *bellum*, be the word, *aut pax*.

He was, indeed, of stature small,
But then in valour he was tall.
Would time permit to tell you how,
He fifty hardy warriors slew ;

Nay,

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Nay, hold, 'twas only forty-nine;
 For one he sav'd a friend of mine,
 To witness that the tale was true,
 Else 'twould have been believ'd by few.
 But now I find, and in this case,
 I can't help saying to thy face,
 Since our affairs so ill you handle,
 You're hardly fit to hold his candle.
 Tydides, rugged as a bear,
 Was vex't to th' heart, and stroak'd his
 hair,

Then rubb'd his chin, yet nothing spoke,
 Tho' rage had made him fit to choak :
 Not so the son of Capaneus,
 Who thus began to play the deuce;
 Like other mortals, tho' we rest,
 We'll fight it with the very best;
 Tho' we, I say, and I'm no puffer,
 By the comparison can't suffer;
 Yet I insist, it is not fair,
 The sons with fathers to compare.

But

But pray, Sir, venture to be just,
And, when you think, I'm sure you
must,

Spite of your wrath be forc'd to say,
We know to fight as well as they :
And give me leave, Sir, to assure ye,
Our arm's as strong, tho' less our fury.
Against proud Thebes our fathers fail'd,
With half their force the sons prevail'd :
Our fathers suffer'd in their shoes,
And dy'd like damn'd blaspheming Jews :
But Jupiter himself stood by us,
Because he found the sons more pious ;
Therefore in spite of all your airs, Sir,
Our fame by much surpasses their's, Sir.

To him, Tydides, cease, my 'squire,
To wrangle thus, and curb thy fire.
Thy betters know, the anxious king,
Is sorely vext, some weighty thing,
Runs counter to his inclination.
Excuse, for once, this fretful passion :

'Tis

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'Tis our's to fight, if he leads on,
 My boy, we'll second him ding dong :
 He spoke, and took a flying jump,
 And on the ground his a—se came thump ;
 But up he sprung, and with a rattle,
 His 'squire and he rush'd forth to battle ;
 And, as they hurry'd to begin,
 Their armour made a dreadful din :
 As, when a mod'rate northern breeze,
 Moves the bleak waves by slow degrees :
 With gentle pace they reach the land,
 And ride each other to the strand.
 But when the wind in rage gets up,
 They soon the highest rocks o'ertop ;
 Then foam and kick, and cuff and rise,
 And seem to touch the nether skies ;
 So the thick regiments move on,
 The hindmost drive the first along,
 No sound through all the ranks is heard,
 Except it be the general's word :
 Take care, perhaps the chief would say,
 And silent all the troops obey.

Not

Not so the Trojans empty sculls,
 Their noise exceeded Bafan's bulls;
 Each different nation's different voice,
 Agreed to make a d—lish noise.
 To it they fall, a god of might,
 Heartens each army for the fight:
 Mars backs the Trojans, Pallas seeks,
 To help her dear beloved Greeks,
 Discord and terror rage in fight,
 Attended by that spectre flight.
 Discord, that lays all regions waste,
 Small at her birth, grows h—l--sh fast,
 So fast in half a day she'll rise,
 Her head shall almost touch the skies.
 Too often at a lord-mayor's feast,
 She comes a curs'd unwelcome guest:
 Too often drags both great and small,
 In heat of blood to * Wrangler's hall;

* W—ft—m—ft H—ll.

Where

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Where half their wealth is from 'em
lugg'd,
Before they find themselves hum-bugg'd :
Affliction brings both sides to think,
So down they friendly sit to drink,
Vex'd they're drawn in to be employers,
Of thieves, sollicitors, and lawyers.

Now bloody blows by scores they
strike;
Swords clash with fwords, and pike
meets pike :
A noise of shouts and groans is spread,
From conquerors and conquered :
The blood of valiant captains slain,
By quarts the mossy ground did stain.
As torrents roaring from the hills,
Sweeping down houses, barns, and mills,
Drive onward with a dreadful force,
Nor stop till they have run their course.
So these two hosts each other jostle,
And 'twix 'em make a woeful bustle.

The

The bloody fight is first begun,
 By aged Nestor's valiant son ;
 Echepolus by chance was near,
 At whom he launch'd the shining spear :
 Upon the nob it hit him full,
 Spoil'd his best hat and crack'd his scull ;
 Down on the ground he tumbled fowse,
 Like tiles from Whitfield's meeting-
 house ;

Or, like an ancient country steeple,
 That tumbling frights both priest and
 people ;

When Elpenor, a crack-brain'd fellow,
 Whose coat was red, and waistcoat yel-
 low :

A staring, gaping, hair-brain'd prig,
 Attempts to steal his hat and wig ;
 But, as he ventur'd forth his hand,
 To draw the plunder off the sand.
 Hugging himself at this rare luck,
 Agenor's jav'lin reach'd his pluck :

His

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His potlid left his side unguarded,
 And so the puppy got rewarded :
 He falls and sprawls about in blood,
 And fills his mouth with dirt and mud.

Now Greeks and Trojans round him
 flock,

And lend each other many a knock :
 The sharpest weapon foremost put,
 And strive to rip each other's gut.
 Simoisius, a lovely boy,
 As any you shall find in Troy :
 On Ida's side his mother bore
 The bantling, near Simois' shore ;
 And from that river, now so fam'd,
 Her darling Simoisius nam'd.
 Great Ajax took him for his mark,
 And quickly chanc'd the luckless spark ;
 For shame, you lubber ! thus to catch,
 A harmless boy, not half your match :
 But honest Ajax ever thought,
 'Twas all the same, if he but fought ;
 Let

HOMER'S ILIADS. 225

Let him but go, away he stalks,
And strikes at reeds as well as oaks.
Thus the unlucky younker fell,
And took a sudden voyage to hell:
Just so a poplar, strait and tall,
That grows in marshy ground doth fall,
Which first the axe's fury feels;
Because his honour wants new wheels,
Cut down it lies upon the plain,
Expos'd to scorching suns and rain;
Its beauteous branches gayly spread,
Wither around its blasted head.
Thus the poor boy, by Ajax kill'd,
Was left to rot upon the field.

At Ajax then Antiphus throws
His lance; but how, he hardly knows:
In such a hurry are some widgeons,
They kill jack-daws instead of pigeons:
Such a strange blund'ring fellow this is,
He kills the fav'rite of Ulysses,

Q

Just

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Just as he stooping was, to catch
 The arms of Simmey, and his watch.
 Ulysses was confounded mad,
 To see his fav'rite fare so bad :
 He swore a little, that's the truth,
 Look'd mighty fierce, and froth'd at
 mouth ;

Then sudden from the ranks steps out,
 Arm'd with a jav'lin firm and stout :
 He makes a feint to fetch a stroke ;
 But first, he turns with cautious look,
 Then cries, have at your whoring gul-
 lets ;

I wish 'twas twenty ton of bullets :
 Away the massy weapon goes,
 And carries dread to all the foes :
 It reach'd a huge fat-gutted fellow,
 Who tumbled down like Punchinello :
 He was old Priam's jolly son,
 Too good a mark for sword or gun ;
 For, as a treble place he fill'd,
 'Twas three to one he must be kill'd :

Pon-

Pond'rous he falls, as well he might;
For faith! he was a sinful weight!

The Trojans look'd a little black,
And 'gan to shew the Greeks their back;
E'en Hector's self, with fullen pace,
Retreats arse foremost from his place:
The rest all tumble helter-skelter,
And run just where they could for shelter.

The Greeks press on, and rob their
pockets,
Of all their watches, rings, and lockets.

When Phœbus saw them run this pace,
He quick unmask'd his fiery face,
And hollo'ing from the Trojan wall,
As loud as ever he could bawl,
Cries, halt, ye cowards! and be brave,
Your ancient glory strive to save:
Turn back, and make the Grecians feel,
They are not made of brass or steel:

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Achilles swears he'll fight no more,
 For maid or widow, wife or whore;
 Then what the devil makes ye run,
 Unless to lose your lives for fun?
 What scurvy knave could thus amuse ye,
 When scarce a single soul pursues ye?
 Thus Phœbus from the Trojan walls,
 Their almost fainting hearts recalls;
 Whilst Pallas warms the Grecian band,
 To make a brave and glorious stand.

Diore next, the sun can't shine,
 Upon a nobler than his line:
 A lord he was, yet could not he
 From rage of war defended be:
 A ragged stone, by Pirus thrown,
 To shatters broke his ancle bone;
 Depriv'd of power to make resistance,
 He begs of all his peers assistance;
 But, amongst all the valiant rout,
 The de'el a man durst venture out;

'Cause

'Cause they were wanted at a pinch,
 No single soul would stir an inch.
 But whilst they wrangled which should
 go,

The Phrygians cut my lord in two.
 Had he been driving all before him,
 As surely as his mother bore him,
 With eager haste, these valiant souls,
 Had back'd his good success in shoals;
 But when they saw he could not stand,
 Not one would lend a helping hand:
 And ever since, this rule is held
 At court, tho' seldom in the field.

Thoas beheld this Pirus groan,
 Big with the mighty deed he'd done;
 Thinks to himself, young gentleman,
 Your worship I shall greet anon;
 Then whirls a special sturdy lance,
 Which soon taught Pirus how to dance:
 It enter'd in above his breast,
 And help'd him to a long night's rest.

The

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The Thracian boys, their leader slain,
In pure revenge, the fight maintain ;
Nor would they let so bold a spark, as
This very Thoas, touch his carcase.
Stern Thoas cast askint his eyes,
Yet trudg'd away without his prize.

Thus fell two * knights ; the one of
Thrace,
The other of some other place.
Strange fate of war ! the conq'rors die !
And, fallen with the conquer'd, lie.
Had you been hung up by a thread,
But fifty yards above their head,
Or plac'd behind a good strong wall,
In which there was a little hole,

* It is supposed they were knights of the Black Ram, or some such noble order ; which is no objection to their being lords likewise.

The

HOMER'S ILIADS. 231

The art of war you then had seen,

And wiser than before had been.

Thus fought the troops with might and
main,

Some dy'd, some liv'd to fight again.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

ERRATA.

THE thoughts of the AUTHOR being employed more on the good dinners he got every day at his worthy Booksellers, than correcting the Press, so many errors escaped, as renders it an endless task to particularize them; he therefore thinks it the shortest way to correct them in the next edition.